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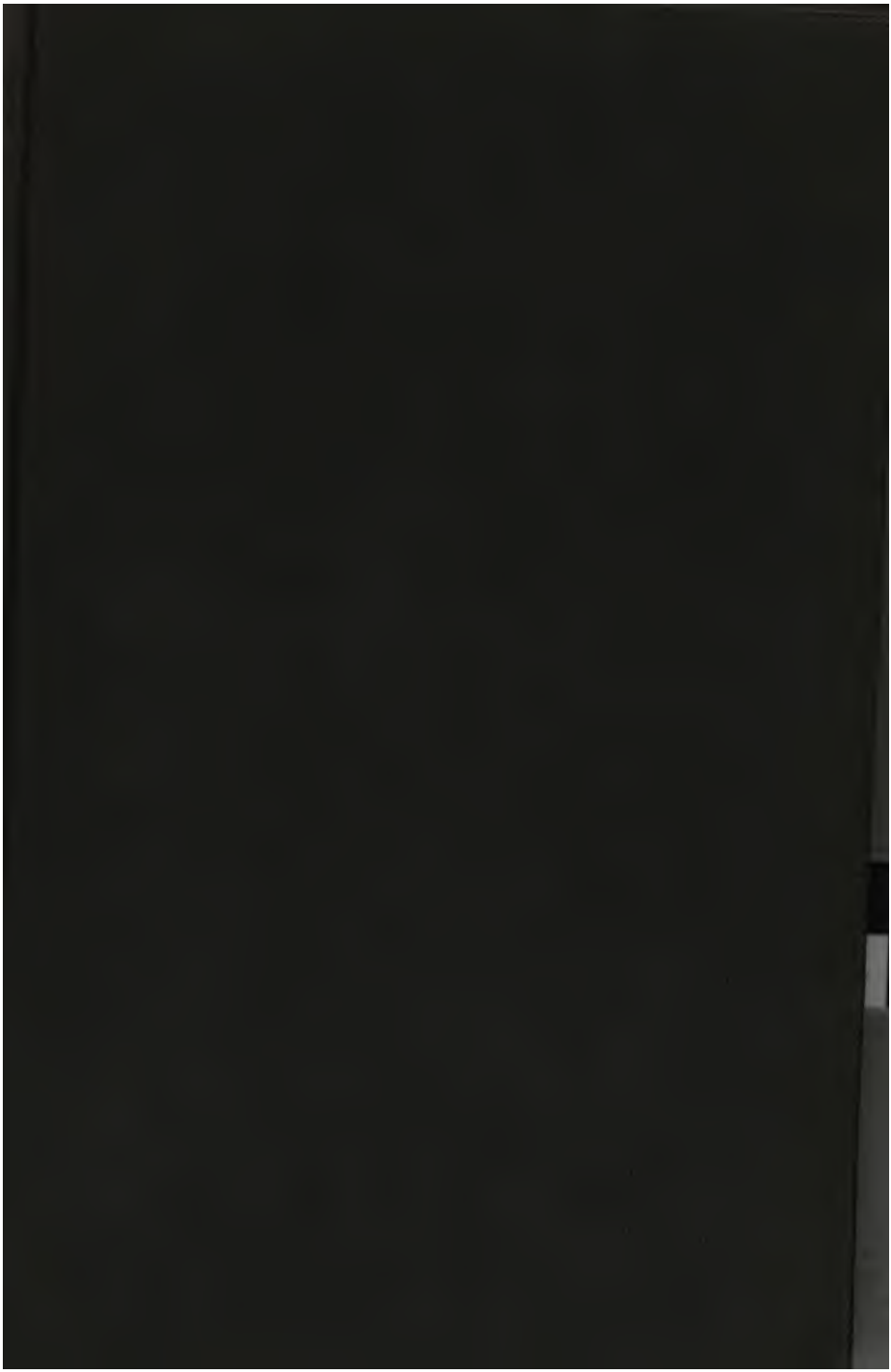
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# CATO.

## A

# TRAGEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

---

Written in FRENCH

*By Monſieur* DES CHAMPS.

*Done into* Engliſh *by Mr.* OZELL.

---

To which is added

A PARALLEL between this PLAY and That written by Mr. ADDISON.

*First Edition.*

---

*If true good Men deſerve Immortal Fame,*
*If Virtue, tho' diſtreſt, be ſtill the ſame;*
*Whate'er our Fathers greatly dar'd to do,*
*Whate'er they bravely bore, and wiſely knew,*
*Their Virtues are all his, and all their Praiſe his due.* Lucan. Book 9.

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To his Excellency the

# Imperial Ambaſſador,

# Count *de VOLKRA*,

JOHN OZELL *humbly begs leave to Repreſent*,

THAT while all the *World is* * *exhilarated* with the Arch-Duke's Birth, Your Complainant has found the ſame ſomewhat inauſpicious to himſelf.

The following Play, after ſome Pains taken by Your Complainant, to prepare it for the *Engliſh* Stage, was (without the leaſt Symptom of being what they call Damn'd) Acted for his own Benefit the Third Night: Againſt which he had ſolicited ſome Ladies of Quality to Grace it with their Appearance. They all anſwer'd,

* *The Motto of the Maſquerading Tickets was* Exhilarat Orbem.

They





*and a love of Liberty: And as Independance was the ſupreme Law of* Rome, Cato *choſe Death, rather than ſubmit to* Cæſar's *Government. Had he been born under a Monarchy, the ſame Veneration for the Laws which made him love Liberty, wou'd have made him fond of Obedience: And the Example of* Cato *ſacrificing himſelf in the Cauſe of Independance, ought to excite us to ſacrifice our Lives for the Service and Preſervation of our Kings.*

*The ſole reading of* Cato's *Life in* Plutarch, *will be enough to convince any Man of the difficulties I had to deal with, to make it fit for the Stage. The Hiſtory, 'tis true, in* Cato's *Perſon, preſented me with a Character new and uncommon; but what elſe did it furniſh me? A Death not brought on by any Intrigue, a Death which many, even of his own Co-temporaries, thought was too haſty, and which I was oblig'd to vary in ſome Circumſtances, that I might either neceſſitate him to put an end to his Life, or fall a Captive to* Cæſar's *Soldiers. This, every Body ſees, cou'd never be ſufficient to lengthen out a Tragedy; I had therefore recourſe to Invention, and being in poſſeſſion of a fine Character, I caſt about for Sciituations that might exhibit it in it's full Extent and Latitude; I have ſuppos'd that* Cato's *Daughter* Portia, *who was nurſed by* Craſſus's *Wife, and liv'd with her near the Borders of* Parthia, *was, after*

*after* Craſſus's *Overthrow, carried to the Court of* Arſaces Orodes, *and there educated as that King's own Daughter; and he dying, ſhe became Queen of the* Parthians. *By this means I bring it about, that ſhe and* Cæſar *are in love with each other; for if ſhe had known her ſelf to be* Cato's *Daughter, I could not have given her that Paſſion for the avow'd Enemy of her Father. Beſides, what a ſurprize muſt it needs be to* Cato *to ſee any of his Off-ſpring with a Diadem! Such an Accident naturally afforded him Succours in maintainance of Liberty; but he thought it a Crime to continue a Sceptre in his Family, and inſtantly reſolves to make* Portia *reſign the Crown. This ſudden Alteration exaſperates a Prince who was to marry the Queen: That Prince conſpires againſt* Cato, *whoſe ſavage Virtue digs him a Precipice, and occaſions his falling into Diſaſters, which nothing but Death can rid him of.*

*Shades being eſſential in a Picture, I have endeavoured, if poſſible, to heighten* Cato's *Virtues by introducing a Vicious Character. 'Twas fit the Perſon on whom the Spectators Abhorrence was wholly to fall, ſhould be a Name known in Hiſtory; I could think of no Body more proper for that purpoſe than* Pharnaces, *who periſhed in the Wars between* Cæſar *and* Pompey. *Infamous as he was for ſo many Parricides, if he did not actually commit every individual Crime which*

*I impute to him, he was at leaſt capable of committing them; I therefore bring him to* Utica, *and have ſo woven this Incident into the main Action of the Tragedy, that it does in a manner make the whole Cataſtrophe. I have taken particular care to give* Pharnaces *Sentiments ſuitable to his Character, without being under the leaſt apprehenſion of their making any dangerous Impreſſion, ſince he is propoſed as a Wretch to be deteſted.*

*Not thinking I had done enough in making a Contraſt of Virtues and Crimes, I thought it neceſſary to preſent a Character placed between both theſe Extremes.* Cato's *fam'd Enemy* Cæſar *was the only one that by his equivocal Qualities could give a new Embelliſhment to the Play. And yet the part of* Cæſar *was one of the firſt things that was found fault with, and I have been cenſur'd for not deſcribing that Heroe according to the high Idea that is generally conceiv'd of him. Let us turn to Hiſtory, and ſee under what Colours he's there painted. Ambitious, Diſſembling, capable of concerting and executing the moſt difficult undertakings, Fearleſs, Merciful, Amorous as far as conſiſted with his Aims of Grandeur; now I would fain know, which of all theſe Characters I have made him contradict in my Tragedy? If he talks not altogether like a Maſter when he meets* Cato, *'tis becauſe he*

*he had no Mind to avow his Intention to inſlave the* Romans *'till they were all inſlaved. But, (ſay the Criticks) how comes this proud Deſtroyer of Liberty ſo calmly to endure the reflecting Speeches of his Enemy? In Anſwer to this, Is it not more for the Honour of that Heroe, to put* Cato *under a neceſſity of eſteeming him, than it would have been had he anſwered* Cato *with Outrage and Abuſe? Does he not attract his Admiration, by revealing to him* Pharnaces's *Plot? I therefore thought it the beſt way to make the one ſpeak like a Zealous Citizen, and the other like an Ambitious Politician. If* Cato's *part ſeems to carry with it ſomething more moving than that of* Cæſar's, *it is becauſe we are more affected by Misfortune than by Victory; if it ſeems to have ſomething more brilliant, it is becauſe naked Virtue is more beautiful than diſguiſed Vice.*

Portia's *Part has it's Criticks too. They object, that ſhe is a little too forward in declaring her Love to* Cæſar. *But pray conſider the Circumſtances ſhe's in; ſhe had been long under the Dominion of her Paſſion, without knowing the Name of him who caus'd it, ſhe was ignorant that 'twas* Cæſar *ſhe lov'd; at length, after ſhe had rejected the Addreſſes he had ſent to offer her, ſhe diſcovers, that the Object of her Love was the very* Cæſar *whom ſhe ſo much hated.*

That

*That Hero in unbeſeeming his whole Paſſion for her, upbraids her for hating him ſo undeſervedly. In this Surprize, in the Pangs ſhe ſees her Lover ſuffer, believing her ſelf to be a Queen and independant of a Father, ſhe declares to* Cæſar *that ſhe no longer hates him. This Change he conſtrues a Feeling of Love, and* Portia *perceiving that the Secret of her Heart had forc'd its way in her own deſpight, owns ſhe had long before conceiv'd a Liking to him.* Cæſar *overjoy'd at a Happineſs ſo unlook'd for, makes a tender to her of the Empire, together with his Hand. This Propoſal indicates the Deſign he had to inſlave the* Romans, *and he would never have diſcovered it to any but a Queen from whoſe Love and Maxims he had ground to expect inviolable Secrecy.* Cæſar *having thus imparted to her the true Drift and Scope of his Projects, he cannot, in the Fifth Act, pretend to diſſemble with her, as he does with the other* Romans, *and thus he is forc'd to juſtifie the Deſire he has to be Lord Paramount, which determines* Portia *intirely to diveſt her ſelf of all Inclinations towards him; ſo that there was a neceſſity for owning this Paſſion of hers, and I thought it were better to let her drop this Secret in the firſt fit of a Surprize, than after* Cæſar's *reiterated Inſtances, which might have given her time to recover from her Aſtoniſhment.*

*As*

*As for the reſolution ſhe takes againſt him in the Second Scene of the Fourth Act, when ſhe knows her ſelf to be* Cato's *Daughter, ſhe is thought to make too ſudden a tranſition from Love to Hate. She was indeed oblig'd to renounce her Love: Her Birth,* Rome *and* Cato *require it of her, but then it ought not to be till after much ſtruggling, and a ſharp conflict, wherein Duty was to prevail. I had the good luck in this particular, to jump in Sentiment with the Publick, and they who were preſent when my Play was firſt acted, may call to Mind ſome Verſes which the Players afterwards cut out, in ſpight of all I could ſay. In theſe Verſes I expreſs the difficulty ſhe has to overcome her Love: I have left them ſtanding in the printed Book, as the Reader will by and by ſee. The Actors, to juſtifie themſelves, pretend, that* Portia *ought to put on* Cato's *Senſe of Things as ſoon as ever ſhe finds her ſelf to be his Daughter. For my part, tho' I think a* Roman *Lady ſhou'd not be deſcribed too effeminate, yet it is not amiſs to ſhew a glimmering of the Weakneſſes that dwell even in a* Roman *Lady's Heart, were it for no other reaſon but to give her afterwards the Glory of triumphing over them.*

*After what has been ſaid, I dare flatter my ſelf, that the Imprecations* Portia *makes againſt* Cæſar *in the Fifth Act, will not be thought too violent: whoever ſhall*

*take the pains to conſider and weigh the then Condition of that* Roman *Dame, will undoubtedly be of Opinion, that ſhe has reaſon to be incenſed at* Cæſar's *refuſing to marry her upon the Terms of quitting his Deſpotick Sway. An ordinary Woman might be rais'd to the ſame exceſs of Anger, by arguing a Point with her Lover. To conclude, I don't ſo much mean this as an Apology for my Play, as to give an Account of the Method I took in managing it; and I ſincerely proteſt, I ſhall thankfully receive whatever Advice ſhall be given me.*

# Dramatis Perſonæ.

## MEN.

CATO.
Julius Cæſar.
Pharnaces, *King of* Pontus.
Domitius, Cæſar's *Lieutenant.*
Phocas, *A Roman of* Cato's *Party.*
Artaban, *A* Parthian *Lord.*
Felix, *Friend to* Pharnaces.
Cato's *and* Cæſar's *Guards.*

## WOMEN.

Portia, Cato's *Daughter, by the Name of* Arſenia, *Queen of the* Parthians.
Phenice, *Confident to* Portia.

SCENE *is near* Utica, *in the Palace fortified by the* Roman *Governour.*

*CATO.*

# CATO.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Arſenia, Phenice.*

*ARSENIA.*



Come, my *Phenice*, let us here attend
That nobleſt *Roman*, whoſe unbyaſs'd Hand
Shall guide my Fortune, and direct my Fate:
The low'ring Storm which gathers all around,
And hovers dreadful o'er *Arſenia*'s Head,
*Cato*'s conſummate Prudence may avert.
My Sire, alas! *Arſaces* is no more:
And proud *Pharnaces*, big with flatt'ring Hopes,
Is come to *Utica*: all, all conſpires
To aggravate the weight of my Misfortunes.

*Phe.* The King of *Pontus* doats upon your Charms,
And was, I thought, to be *Arſenia*'s Husband.
*Arſ.* My Husband! Ah, *Phenice*, didſt thou know—
*Phe.* What is it, Madam, that diſturbs you thus,
Why heaves your Boſom with reluctant Sighs?
In vain you hide the anguiſh of your Soul;
Your ſtreaming Tears betray the thin Diſguiſe,
And give me to ſuſpect, that ſecret Love
Fills up the meaſure of your Woes.
*Arſ. Phenice*,
Still have I kept my Weakneſs from thy Eyes,
And durſt not open to thee all my Heart:
I fear'd to draw a Father's Anger on me,
By fixing my Deſires without his Will.
Dearly we purchaſe our ſuperior Rank,
When Slavery of Mind muſt pay the Price.
A Princeſs's chaſt Love appears a Crime,
And we're ſtill made the Victims of the State.
But now the *Parthian* Crown adorns my Brow,
With ſafety I may pour forth all my Soul.
Can'ſt thou recall to Mind a valiant *Roman*
Diſpatch'd from *Ceſar* to my Father's Court,
To ask his Friendſhip?
*Phe.* I remember well;
His every Word and Look proclaim'd the Heroe:
Our *Parthians*, ſtruck with his majeſtick Port,
Thought they beheld ſomething above a King
In an Ambaſſador.
*Arſ.* Heavens! Cou'd I then
Have e'er believ'd that one poor Moments Pleaſure

Was

Was afterwards to coſt me ſo much Grief?
When that brave *Roman* firſt had Audience of us,
His noble Carriage drew my greedy View:
His haughty Front, the Seat of matchleſs Glory,
Obtain'd an eaſy Conqueſt o'er my Heart:
His Sight inclin'd me almoſt to believe
The Gods themſelves muſt be like ſuch a Man.
But he with *Ceſar* braves the Chance of War,
While here I feed my Paſſion with my Tears.

*Phe.* And do you, Madam, cheriſh in your Boſom
So warm a Flame for one that is a Stranger?

*Arſ.* Thoſe whom the Fates decree for high Command
Know one another by unerring Tokens,
And Nature prompts them to a mutual liking.
But *Cato* comes, *Phenice*: All his Sorrows
Cannot efface the traces of his Wiſdom,
Which ſhines with heighten'd brightneſs thro' the Cloud.
*Phenice*, do but view that wond'rous Man,
On whoſe devoted Head the jealous Gods
Exhauſt their utmoſt Stores of Wretchedneſs;
While He, with calmeſt evenneſs of Mind,
Oppoſes nothing to the jealous Gods
But his unſhaken ſelf.

## SCENE II.

Cato, Arſenia, Phenice, *and Attendants.*

*Cato.* Madam, I hear that Deſtiny has prov'd
As adverſe to *Arſenia* as to *Rome*:

Bleſt

Bleſt with ſmooth Peace, your Father's hoary Hairs
At length are gone to reſt: I come not hither
To dry your Tears with Arguments of Comfort.
You have a *Roman* Soul and can, like us,
Support the Strokes of Fate: Your Father's Death
Has left you Miſtreſs of a potent Nation.
Do you intend to obſerve the ſacred Union
*Arſaces* ſwore with us upon the Altar?

*Arſ.* Yes, *Cato*, the *Euphrates* ſhall maintain
With *Rome* an everlaſting Peace and Friendſhip,
And ſend her greater Succours than before.
But urge no more my Marriage with *Pharnaces*.

*Cato.* What reaſons have you to reject his Hand?

*Arſ.* Oft had my Father and the *Romans* call'd
Their choſen Warriours forth to doubtful Battle.
You've heard of *Craſſus* Legions overthrown,
But do not know that this inhumane Traytor,
This Wretch *Pharnaces*, overcome in Fight,
By Ruffians ſlew my Brother *Pacorus*,
My Brother, whoſe Memorial ſtill I hold
Moſt dear; the Terror of the Neighbouring Nations,
The King's Support, and Joy of all the People.

*Cato.* Amazing Crime! this is the firſt I've heard on't.
The ſubject but too well deſerves your Grief.

*Arſ.* The Crime became *Pharnaces*, whoſe black Soul
Has ever teem'd with Treachery and Murther.
Long did he hide it from the ſearching Eyes
Of all the World, till yeſterday, Remorſe

Ex-

Extorted the Confeſſion from a Wretch
Whoſe Hand perform'd the Deed at his Command.
*Cato.* The Gods ne'er ſuffer Crimes of ſuch a Nature
To wear away, conceal'd in dark Oblivion,
But drag th'unwilling Authors into Light.
*Arſ.* Mean while the *Parthians* were to Peace reſtor'd,
And I allotted for *Pharnace*'s Bed;
That baſe perfidious King devoid of Shame,
Which ſeldom goes in company with Guilt,
Came to my Father's Court: His odious ſight
Warm'd my offended Heart with Hate, not Love:
But like a Victim I was led to *Rome*,
Where *Hymen* was to tie the dreaded Knot.
Diſcord then ſhook each furious *Roman*'s Breaſt
And ſtop'd the Nuptials: *Ceſar*'s great Succeſs,
And *Pompey*'s hapleſs Fate in treacherous *Ægypt*,
Detain'd *Pharnaces* in his own Dominions,
And forc'd me hither under your Protection.
Things falling thus, I hop'd I ſhou'd be free,
But hither too he comes to urge his Claim:
And much I fear, unleſs you interpoſe,
His boundleſs Rage will drive him to compel me.
*Cato.* This Town affords you a ſecure Aſylum,
Which *Cato*'s ſelf has choſe for his Retreat.
Here I revive the dying Liberty
Of the loſt Capitol and groaning *Rome*.
Nor have there Men been wanting to embrace
The glorious Cauſe: but Virtue chiefly keeps
The Watch upon our Walls: and Equity

Which

Which often flies the noiſy Din of Arms,
Is the Companion and Support of ours.
I call together here a little Senate,
Whoſe Grandeur ſhines not with diminiſh'd Luſtre
For being little: all its Splendour lies
In its untainted Virtue: A Monarch here
May breathe with leſs conſtraint than on his Throne.
Juſtice is on your ſide: diſpel your Fears,
And truſt your Cauſe to Me, as *Rome* has done.
My Fate is ſtill to combate ſtrong Oppreſſion,
Tho' I am ſure at laſt to fall its Victim.

*Arſ.* May all the Gods avert the dreadful Omen!
Your Days are precious to unhappy *Rome*.
Heav'n ſtands in need of *Jove*, and Earth of *Cato*.
But proud *Pharnaces* will be quickly here;
A Tyrant's hated ſight wou'd blaſt my Eyes. [*Exit.*

*Cato alone.* I find new Motives daily to protect her:
My Daughter *Portia* ſeems in her reviv'd:
The Features are the ſame——But *Phocas* comes,
What *Parthian*'s that accompanies his Steps?

## SCENE III.

Cato, Phocas, Artaban.

*Pho.* This Day at length begins to calm our Fears,
And brings unlook'd for Succours to our Arms.
*Cato*, when *Rome* and *Parthia* were at War,
You had an Infant-Daughter, whom the Wife
Of *Craſſus* nurs'd near great *Arſaces'* Realms:

The

The *Parthians* numberleſs attack'd the Fort
Where we were poſted: All our Soldiers fell!
Beneath the Conqueror's Arm: A generous *Parthian*
Gave me my Life; and I alone eſcaped
To let you know the melancholy News.

*Cato.* Why doſt thou call my Sorrows up afreſh,
And bring my bleeding Daughter to my Mind.

*Phocas.* I too believ'd ſhe fell among the reſt;
But *Portia* lives, in *Utica* ſhe lives.

*Cato.* My Daughter living! what is this thou tell'ſt me?

*Phocas.* My ſelf at firſt cou'd ſcarce believe it true,
But *Artaban*, this *Parthian*, ſoon will clear
The Doubts you labour under: He it was
That nobly catch'd me from the Jaws of Fate:
He comes from *Parthia* hither to inform
The Senate of *Arſaces'* Death: My Heart
Beats quick with Joy at ſight of my Deliverer.

*Artab.* One only Daughter, beauteous as the Sun,
Was left *Arſaces* by a ſecond Bed,
And young ſhe dy'd in her griev'd Father's Arms:
Diſcord had long begun to rend the State,
For want of Heirs to fill the old King's Throne;
Each *Parthian* Lord declar'd himſelf the Head
Of ſome one Province, where he brigued for Friends.
Our Monarch to prevent avow'd Revolt,
Conceal'd *Arſenia's* Death from all his Subjects.
Juſt at this time our Armies overthrew
The *Roman* Valour with unheard of Slaughter:
*Portia* became my Captive by the Victory;

Her

Her Features were ſo like the Princeſs's,
Her Age ſo near the ſame, her Look ſo graceful,
I brought her to the King, who gave the Child
The Name and ſhining Rank of his dead Daughter:
The Letter which he wrote you at his Death,
Will give you, *Cato*, further Information.

Cato reads.] *It would be Cruelty at my Death to deprive you any longer of the knowledge of a Daughter, whoſe Virtues ſo well deſerve your Love:* Arſenia *is yours; and if* Portia's *ſwaying the Sceptre may ſecure the Peace of my Subjects, I beg you would ſtill let it remain in her Hands.*

*Artab.* Deliberate, O *Cato*, how to ſteer:
Whether to own the Secret to the World,
Or keep it bury'd in eternal Silence,
Do you reſolve, and I am all Obedience. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

Cato, Phocas.

*Cato.* What, muſt my Own Blood too incur my Hate!
The Foe to Kings, the Father of a Queen!
Gods! Do you juſtifie the Crimes of *Ceſar*?
*Muſt* we be Slaves? And are you then reſolv'd
To bind the *Romans* Captive to his Wheels?
Is then my Daughter to my Arms reſtor'd
In ſign of Anger, to offend my Sight?
The Joy it gives me to poſſeſs her Living,

Is

Is turn'd to Sorrow by the State ſhe's in.
How can my Soul endure her with a Crown?
If Nature would allow it, *Rome* forbids;
And tho' I am *Portia*'s Father, I'm a *Roman*.
No let my Daughter quit th' illegal Greatneſs,
And trample under Feet the Tyrant Sceptre.

*Phocas.* How! *Cato*, when the Gods to ſave the *Romans*
Have doubtleſs put this Power in your Hands,
Will you reject with Scorn the ſacred Gift?
You know the Fortune that attends our Arms:
Can you then hope that *Utica* will ſave
What *Africk*'s Force united never cou'd?
Or think that *Rome* pent up in theſe ſtrait Walls,
Can ward the Blows of our victorious Foe,
By us alone aſſiſted? No, no, *Cato*,
Aid we muſt have, or Innocence ſhall ſoon
Groan underneath the Yoke of lawleſs Force.
*Portia* may muſter in the Cauſe of *Rome*
The numerous Legions of a mighty Nation:
Inform her of her Birth, but let her ſtill
Enjoy the Throne to quell this ſtubborn Rebel.
The Gods have ſent this Succour to revive
Our drooping Spirits: They have done their Parts,
And we muſt now do ours.

*Cato.* Enormous Project!
Is Vice leſs criminal, becauſe 'tis uſed
In the defence of Virtue? Think no more
Of this deſign: How durſt we but profeſs
(Aſſiſted by Deceit and Uſurpation)

To puniſh one leſs guilty than our ſelves?
*Phocas*, we muſt beware of tempting Heaven:
This *Utica* involv'd in Flames ſhall prove
My Funeral Pile, before I ſtray from Juſtice.
The Gods, when they with impious War were vext,
Without ſuch guilty Shifts cou'd quell the *Titans*:
We are like them beſet with Dangers round;
Why ſhou'd we deviate more than they from Virtue?

*Phocas.* And does not *Portia* juſtly fill the Throne?
Is't not the work of Heav'n, which cannot err?
If it ſeems wrong to us, muſt our weak Thoughts
Pretend to weigh the Juſtice of the Gods?
Our Duty is to obey what they decree;
Nor ought we to refuſe their offer'd Aid.
Let us at leaſt by Sacrifice enquire
Their poſitive Decrees.

*Cato.* By Sacrifice!
What! ſhall I tear the Entrails of an Ox
In hopes to find engrav'd on them the Laws
Of that great Deity which ſwells my Breaſt?
Has he not deep implanted in my Soul
The love of Juſtice and unſpotted Honour?
I feel him in my Heart, and hear him ſpeak:
He bids me ſtill purſue the Paths of Virtue;
And tells me that I am born a Son of *Rome*,
To vindicate her Rights, and fight her Cauſe,
Againſt the Lordly Tyrants of the Earth.
This Crown is offer'd me, to try how far
My Reaſon can withſtand the ſtrong Temptation,
The ſhining Bait of Sovereign Command.

No

No, *Phocas*, let us glorioufly refuſe
Unjuſt Aſſiſtance, tho' againſt a Tyrant:
To Virtue let us owe our preſervation,
And truſting in her Aid, defy the Foe:
Let us give no occaſion for Remorſe;
And our own Force ſhall ſerve to puniſh *Cæſar*.
But I perceive *Pharnaces* tending hither.
Do you retire. Let *Artaban* conceal
The Birth of *Portia*, ev'n from *Portia*'s ſelf:
When my own Mouth informs her of her Name,
I'd ſee how far her Virtue proves her mine.

## SCENE V.

Cato, Pharnaces.

*Cato.* The Blows we feel, theſe oft repeated Blows
Might juſtly ſhake a Coward Soul with Fear:
Fortune has once again betray'd our Arms;
*Scipio* and *Juba*'s Overthrow affords
New Triumphs for the Tyranny of *Cæſar*.
But, Prince, a *Roman*'s Conſtancy of Mind
Repairs the Outrages of adverſe Fate;
This ſhuts his Heart againſt a Thought of Fear,
And leads him Victor thro' the greateſt Perils.

*Phar.* Bound to the *Romans* from my Youth in Friendſhip,
I've form'd my Soul to Conſtancy by them.
*Cæſar* has made a Conqueſt of my Realms;
But ſtill ſome Friends and Troops embrace my Fortunes:

They with my Fleet are in the Port; reſolved
To win back all the Loſſes we've ſuſtain'd.
*Cato.* The Tyrant marches forwards, and theſe Walls
May ſoon expect the Fury of a Siege:
But let us firſt go meet the inſulting Foe,
And raviſh Victory over to our ſide.
*Phar.* There's Conqueſt in that Sound: Go forth, O *Cato*!
*Pharnaces* will o'ercome, or die in Arms.
But e'er we lead our Soldiers to the Fight,
Let me conclude my Marriage with the Queen,
Her Hand you know——
*Cato.* That Match muſt now be broke.
*Phar.* What ſay you?
*Cato.* You imagine ſhe's a Queen.
*Phar.* Who dares but doubt it?
*Cato.* Prince, ſhe is found a *Roman*;
Nor may we wed our Daughters to the Purple:
Our Laws forbid it to ſecure our Freedom.
*Phar.* Ye cruel Gods! it muſt not, cannot be:
I ſaw her Head encircled with a Crown.
Your faithful *Romans* ſpeak not of her thus.
*Cato.* None but my ſelf yet knows th' important Secret;
But I will ſoon declare it to the World,
And publiſh all the Myſtery of her Birth.
*Phar.* Be wary, *Cato*, how you do an Act
Which afterwards may make you curſe your Folly:
What have I gain'd by fighting *Pompey*'s Battles?
For this his Rival now uſurps my Crown,

And

And hems my Power in the narrow compaſs
Of feeble Ships, expos'd to the Caprice
Of every daſhing Wave, or veering Wind.
But ſtill in all Misfortunes, I believ'd
*Arſenia*'s Marriage ſhou'd repair my Loſſes.
Fond Hopes! But why, why ſhou'd I ſide with Men,
Who thus ungratefully repay my Friendſhip?
Let her ſtill reign; or, by th' Immortal Gods,
I'll march my Troops from *Utica*, and quit
The ſhatter'd Ruins of your loſt Republick.

*Cato*. Prince, you have leave to go: The Pride of *Rome*
Will ſcorn to ſtoop to ſupplicate a King.

## SCENE VI.

Cato, Pharnaces, Felix.

*Felix*. The Plain is cover'd with the Troops of *Caſar*,
Who ſeems reſolv'd to force us from our Ramparts,
And bend our ſtubborn Necks beneath his Yoke.

*Cato*. Come let us go and animate our *Romans*,
To brave their Fury with undaunted Courage:
We ſhall be able to defend our ſelves,
Without th'Aſſiſtance of a petty King.
*Pharnaces*, you are free to join with *Caſar*:
*Cato*'s Succeſs will never be the worſe,
Tho' more ſuch Enemies aroſe againſt him.

## SCENE VII.

Pharnaces, Felix.

*Phar.* Shall I ne'er puniſh the Contempt and Hate
This *Roman* Vanity affects againſt us?
Yes, nought ſhall ſtop the Torrent of my Rage;
Let us not loſe our Time in vain Complaints,
But puſh out Deſtiny, and force the Hand
And Empire of *Arſacia*: Let's deſtroy——
*Felix.* Whom?
*Phar.* *Cato.*
*Felix.* Your Ally, my Lord?
*Phar.* O *Felix!*
Thou know'ſt not yet *Pharnaces*: My Averſion
Has always wore the ſpecious Veil of Love:
But I abhor theſe *Romans*; they ſhall feel it.
'Tis true, I ſerv'd them to dethrone my Father,
Becauſe they'd almoſt won his Crown before:
Defeated, conquer'd, bent beneath the Weight
Of hoary Years, he cou'd ſupport no longer
The Load of Empire, which I only ſought,
In order one Day to revenge his Wrongs.
*Rome* plac'd me on his Throne, as I deſir'd;
But long ſhe flouriſh'd and eſcap'd my Anger:
Till Diſcord ſeiz'd theſe Conqu'rors of the World,
And open'd me a proſpect of Revenge.
I joyn'd with *Pompey*, tho' the weaker ſide,
In hopes that when they fought with equal Pow'rs,

The

The lengthen'd War wou'd waſte the Strength of both,
And bring them eaſily to my Obedience.
But, *Felix*, all my hopes are loſt in Air,
And I my ſelf am made the *Romans* Victim;
Thoſe Words of *Cato*----But by Heav'n I'll huſh
The dang'rous Myſt'ry in eternal Silence:
Go, ſend *Arbates* to the Camp of *Ceſar*,
And promiſe him from me the Death of *Cato*,
The Price my Kingdom, and *Arſenia*'s Hand;
By this we ſhall ſecure a double Crown,
And raiſe my Glory to its ancient Splendor:
When Crimes ſucceed, they loſe the Name of Crimes.

*Felix*. But how are you aſſur'd, my Lord, that *Ceſar*
Will countenance this Service with Reward?
He loves to owe the Conqueſt to his Valour,
Nor wou'd he wiſh for Victory, if to win it
He were oblig'd to uſe another's Hand.
Oft had he drawn his brandiſh'd Sword on *Pompey*,
In hopes to obtain the Honour of his Death:
And *Ptolomy* receiv'd ſevere Chaſtiſement,
For having robb'd the Victor of his Prey.

*Phar*. That was not what occaſion'd his Deſtruction:
In *Pompey*'s Murther *Ptolomy* had freed
The Earth of one Uſurper, and prepared
The like for t'other: *Ceſar* on pretence
Of taking Vengeance for his Rival's Death,
Preſerv'd Himſelf by killing *Ptolomy*.
For me, I will not fear the like Misfortune;
I do but imitate the righteous Gods

When

When I ſerve *Cæſar*: They like me give way
To the impetuous Tide of his good Fortune?
His Power began by Guilt; by Guilt I mean
To ſtrengthen and eſtabliſh it: And ſince
He ſacrifices all to his Ambition,
What may I not expect for *Cato*'s Death?
Hence tim'rous Innocence, avaunt, begone!
Like *Cæſar* I will mount a glorious Throne:
If this one Crime will buy me Peace and Pow'r,
I'll afterwards repent, and ſin no more.

*End of the Firſt Act.*

# ACT II. SCENE I.

Domitius, Phocas.

*DOMITIUS.*

SAyd'ſt thou not, *Phocas*, *Cato* won'd be here?
*Phocas.* I did, *Domitius*, and he will be ſoon:
But let me tell thee what ſurprize I feel
To ſee thee ſent to *Utica* from *Ceſar*.
Will he at length conclude the Rage of War,
And ſtop the ſpreading Flame? Our Arms already
Too long have torn the Earth with wild Confuſion:
The riſing nor the ſetting Sun behold
One Climate not unpeopled by our Swords.
*Domit. Cato* ſhall know the Embaſſy I bring.
Mean while inform the *Parthian* Queen that *Pallas*
Has ſomething to reveal of moment to her.
[*Exit* Phocas.
*Ceſar* 'midſt all the Cares and Toils of War
Adores in ſecret the fair Queen of *Parthia*.
But *Cato* moves this way; his Godlike Virtue
Strikes my aſtoniſh'd Soul with aweful Fear.

SCENE

## SCENE II.

Cato, Domitius.

*Cato.* Be brief, *Domitius*, and declare your Meſſage.
*Dom.* *Cæſar* commanded me to let you know ------
*Cato.* *Cæſar* commanded! And do You obey?
*Dom.* Yes, *Cato.*
*Cato.* Hold; vile abject Slave, no more.
How dareſt thou thus defame thy great Forefathers,
Who own'd like me no Maſter but the Gods:
Art Thou deſcended from that noble *Brutus*,
Who gloriouſly ſhook off the Yoke of Kings,
And drove them out with Infamy from *Rome*?
Did He do this, for thee to bring them back,
And baſely court thoſe Chains he tore aſunder!
What! art thou born a *Roman* to deſtroy
Our *Laws* and *Liberty*?
*Dom.* What Guilt, what Crime
Do I commit when I obey the *Conſul*?
*Cato.* The *Conſul*! Say the *Tyrant*, the *Uſurper*:
Did *Rome* beſtow the Conſulate on *Cæſar*
In a free Senate uncontrolled by Power?
No, Force and Boldneſs is your Maſter's Title:
His Pleaſure is to ſee Mankind in Tears,
T' oppreſs his Country with opprobrious Bondage,
And load the groaning Univerſe with Irons.
*Dom.* Give not an Ear to all that Envy prompts,
To caſt a blemith on his ſpotleſs Fame.

*Cato,*

*Cato*, my Breaſt is warm'd with all the Love
The braveſt *Roman* Soul can ſhow his Country;
Should *Ceſar* touch my *Liberty*; by Heaven,
My hand ſhould ſave it, ſave it ev'n from *Ceſar*;
And root this fooliſh Kindneſs from my Heart:
But he has no ſuch thoughts, and therefore, *Cato*,
I may with honour pay him my Obedience.
The vanquiſhed Party is not always juſteſt:
You joyn it out of Nobleneſs of Soul,
Which urges you t' aſſiſt the weaker Cauſe.

*Cato*. Thou know'ſt not yet the Maſter thou obey'ſt:
He dares not now appear without a Veil
Of deep Hypocriſie and artful Cunning:
But ſhould he conquer me, then, then thou'lt know him,
Then will thy Breaſt be rent with vain Repentance.
Our blinded Hearts ne'er feel Oppreſſion's weight,
Till wanton with Proſperity it turns
On thoſe that made it ſtrong: A Tyrant's Hand
Does always fall moſt heavily on Him
That having raiſed him to the Throne by Treaſon
Can ſooneſt pull him down. Think then, *Domitius*,
What thou muſt look for---But I trifle---tell me
What buſineſs of importance brings you hither.

*Dom*. *Ceſar*, O *Cato*, wou'd in Perſon here
Inform you of a Secret which concerns
The Safety and the Glory of the *Romans*.

*Cato*. The way is free. What ſafeguard does he ask?

*Dom*. Thy Virtue makes him ſure of *Cato*'s Faith:
But he has reaſon to miſtruſt *Pharnaces*.

*Cato*. *Pharnaces* here is under my Command.

This

This Fort is at ſome diſtance from the Town;
The Guard is *Roman* and the Acceſs hard:
*Pharnaces* lyes encamp'd upon the Port,
And guards his Navy with his peaceful Soldiers;
Nor dares he leave his Station; If he wou'd——.
My Troops ſhall carefully obſerve his Motions.
Thus *Ceſar* in ſecurity may come,
Without approaching *Utica* too near:
Let him then move his Cohorts from the Walls,
And inſtantly the Guard ſhall quit the Gates.
But give him warning, leſt he loſe his pains,
That *Cato*'s Look will dart a Ray of Light
Thro' all the gloomy Shades of dark Deceit,
And make Impoſture's outſide Mask fall off:
Nothing but unadorned and ſimple Truth
Will move my Soul: His ſuperficial Mildneſs
Will never work on me as on *Demitius*.

## SCENE III.

Arſenia, Domitius.

*Arſen.* I'm told, *Domitius*, *Ceſar* loves *Arſenia*;
But let him know his Paſſion's vain and fruitleſs:
I can't conceive, nor do I wiſh to hear,
How he ſhou'd come to ſee my little Beauty.
By Force he cannot win my Kingdom from me;
His mighty Heart perhaps has feign'd this Flame,
To obtain by Stratagem the wiſh'd for Prize,
And ſhoot an Empire with the Darts of Cupid.
Is it my Crown he wants? *Domit.*

*Domit.* You wrong him, Madam:
Crowns are his Gift, and Kings at his diſpoſal;
He ſees them up and pulls them down at pleaſure.
His conqu'ring Arm has broke the reſty World
To his Obedience: Is this Man, this Heroe
Unworthy to put on *Arſenia*'s Chains?
Th' Immortal Gods, to whom he owes his Birth,
Divide their Sway, and ſhare their Pow'r with Him;
Pleas'd and contented with the Rule of Heaven,
They leave the Earth below to *Ceſar*'s Law.
*Arſ.* Theſe inſolent Elogiums ſhock my Ear:
No more, *Domitius*——But I ſee *Pharnaces*;
His Sight's a Torment.

## SCENE IV.

Arſenia, Pharnaces.

*Phar.* Beauteous Queen, O hear me.
*Arſ.* Why doſt thou haunt me thus to ſwell my Tears,
Which flow too faſt already for my Brother,
My Brother ſlain in all his Pride of Life.
*Phar,* I'm glad to find ſhe knows not yet her Birth:
This favours my Deſign. *Aſide.*]—Behold me, Madam,
Boiling with Rage againſt this treacherous *Roman*,
This faithleſs *Cato*, who intends to wreſt
Your Scepter from your Hand by vileſt Falſhoods.
*Ceſar*, he's thine! for I withdraw my Aid:
No longer will I ſerve for theſe Returns,

For baſe Ingratitude—My Fleet and Troops
Are ready to conduct us to thoſe Shores,
Thoſe happy Shores where bright *Arſenia* reigns;
There we may ſpend our peaceful Days in bliſs,
Safe from the venom'd Tooth of *Roman* Treaſon.

*Arſ.* How canſt thou hope for Credit when thou throw'ſt
A Charge of Falſhood on the upright *Cato*?
For me, I fear not ought that he would act;
Virtue to Vice alone is terrible:
But there is one whom I have cauſe to dread,
Who tries by idle Tales to fright me hence
In ſecret, to avoid a ſtrict Enquiry.
How! are you Thunderſtruck at this Suſpicion!
Was the Accuſer then the Criminal?

*Phar.* Why ſhou'd you think I wou'd diſguiſe my Thoughts,
When I've a Right to Challenge your Complyance?

*Arſ.* Build not ſo much on that: When I was forc'd
To make that outward Promiſe of my Hand,
I ne'er had heard thoſe ſecret black Attempts,
With which *Pharnaces* oft had ſtain'd his Arm.
But guilty Men in vain conceal their Crimes;
Time always caſts them from his deep Abyſs:
I know thy Treacheries, thy Aſſaſſinations:
And here I beg the Gods to throw me down
Unpity'd from my Throne to loathſom'ſt Dungeons;
To pour their reddeſt Stores of flaming Wrath
On this deſerving Head, if e'er I take
The Murth'rer of my Brother for my Husband!

With

With Horror and Averſion I behold thee.
How would it glad my Soul with endleſs Joy,
Cou'd I but make an Eſſay of my Power,
By cloſe purſuing thee with hot Revenge,
Great as thy Crimes, and cruel as thy Temper! [*Exit.*

## SCENE V.

Pharnaces *alone.*

Gods! muſt I tamely bear theſe loud Affronts,
And thus accuſtom her to brave my Anger?
No, by yon azure Heav'n, I'll bend her Pride,
And make her ſtoop, Ungrateful as ſhe is!
I know, I know what gives her all this Fierceneſs:
The haughty Woman thinks her ſelf ſecure,
Where *Cato* makes his Rants of Liberty:
But no Aſylum, be it e'er ſo ſacred,
Shall guard them from the Tempeſt they have rais'd:
Her Face ſhall ſoon a milder Look put on,
Or the proud Dame with Tears ſhall lave my Arm,
Shall lave it from the Stain of *Roman* Blood.
I find till now my Heart has been too tender;
That childiſh Bauble Conſcience has undone me:
Had I but acted greater, nobler Crimes,
I'd now been able to controul my Fate.

## SCENE VI.

Pharnaces, Felix.

*Felix.* Affairs, my Lord, aſſume another face.
*Phar.* Explain your Meaning, *Felix*, more at large.
*Felix.* Diſcord and Strife are fled: The *Romans* now
Tear off the Muffler which obſcur'd their Eyes;
They pour forth Floods of Tears for their dead Friends,
And tenderly before the Gates embrace
Thoſe whom the Rage of Civil War hath ſpar'd.
The hapleſs Father arm'd againſt his Son,
Begins to tremble at ſo dear a Foe;
While mutual Love ſucceeds to ranc'rous Hate,
And every Hand lets fall the bloody Sword.
*Phar.* Is *Ceſar* willing we cement his Empire
With *Cato*'s Blood, the only Man he fears?
Is not *Arbates* yet return'd?
*Felix.* He is not;
Nor can I think what Accident detains him.
*Phar.* *Felix*, Time wears apace; we muſt be ſpeedy:
My Wrath ſhall render *Utica* a Scene
Of Blood and Horror to the end of Ages.
This only can avert the pitchy Cloud
Which angry Fate has gather'd o'er our Heads.
*Felix.* But, Sir, the *Roman* Troops obſerve us cloſely.
*Phar.* Let them, I'll cover my Deſigns beneath

So

So thick a Veil, that they ſhall ne'er ſuſpect them:
The Enemy that keeps himſelf conceal'd,
Secures his Vengeance, and ſtrikes home at laſt:
My Artifice ſhall fruſtrate all their Caution.
I'm perfectly acquainted with this Place,
And know each various turning of its Walls:
For formerly to *Utica* I came
To fly the Fury of my Father's Anger.
Behind this Fort there lies a dreadful Ridge
Of hanging Rocks, whoſe craggy Sides repulſe
The crowding Waves, and break their daſhing Force:
The crowding Waves to work themſelves a Paſſage
Have made their craggy Sides a lofty Arch.
A Foe might here conceal a Fleet of Ships
Safe from the violence of beating Tempeſts.
The ſtormy Sea laſt Night diſpers'd my Navy
Along that Coaſt, and ſeveral of my Veſſels
Eſcap'd the Wreck, by being thrown at laſt
Into that Creek by the contending Billows.
This happens luckily for my deſign:
None yet has heard the Accident but me;
In that I'm ſafe: I by a private Path
Will go this Moment thither, and return
To ſhake theſe quiet Walls with loud Alarms.
The outward Guards diſpatch'd, the Blood of *Cato*
Shall next be ſacrific'd to glut my Rage;
Then *Utica* ſhall fall in ſmoaky Ruins,
And the proud Queen ſubmit to my Deſires.

*Felix.* Heav'n, Sir, th'Avenger of offended Kings,
Smiles on your Enterprize, and ſeems to think

Your With th' unalterable Law of Fate:
This Palace you may ſeize without a Blow;
The Guard is marching to the Town, and *Caſar*
(Tho' none can gueſs the Cauſe) is drawing off
His numerous Legions, with intent to pitch
His Camp at greater diſtance in the Plain.
*Phar. Felix*, do thou return to *Utica*;
And while I ſilently ſurprize this Palace,
Endeavour with the Flow'r of all my Troops,
To cut thy Paſſage hither by the Sword.
When we have won the Day, the Head of *Cato*
Muſt be preſented to victorious *Caſar*:
That grateful Office ſhall be thy Reward.
*Felix*. Begin, I'm ready to obey your Will;
Tho' certain Death attended your Commands:
There's nought that I can fear but your Diſpleaſure.
*Phar*. Tho' 'tis a Subjects Duty to be Loyal
Without an expectation of Return,
Yet thou ſhalt be partaker of my Fortune.
But above all, let us with care conceal
In every Word and Motion our Deſigns:
The Man that ſhows his Anger to the World,
Betrays and diſappoints his own Revenge.

*End of the Second Act.*

# ACT III. SCENE I.

Cæſar, Domitius, *and* Cæſar's *Attendants.*

*CÆSAR.*

THis Truce, *Domitius*, Harbinger of Peace,
Brings *Cæſar* hither with undoubted Safety.
*Cato*'s preſervance is the chief Concern
That calls me from my Camp: But I wou'd firſt
Confer a little with the fair *Arſenia.*

*Domit. Cæſar*, I grieve to tell you that you'll find
Nought but the killing ſigns of proud Diſdain
In all that Heav'n of Beauty you adore.
Were my Advice believ'd, you'd turn your Thoughts—

*Cæſar.* My Flame, *Domitius*, is ſincere and real,
Not on a ſlight Suſpicion to be quench'd:
And when that Paſſion can conſiſt with Glory,
The braveſt Man on Earth without reproach
May offer up his ardent Vows to *Love.*
But if the haughty Fair beholds my Suit
With ſcornful Coldneſs, ne'er to be remov'd,
*Cæſar* will ſhow the World that he can tear
The Womaniſh Enchantment from his Heart:
For Love ne'er chains the Hero to his Carr,
But holds him like a Priſoner at large;

And

And *Ceſar*, tho' in love, is *Ceſar* ſtill.
Yet tell me, my *Domitius*, didſt thou paint
In lively Colours to the beauteous Queen,
The Greatneſs of the Man, whoſe Arm has forc'd
The *Roman* Valour to receive his Laws;
Or let her know, there's not the meaneſt Soldier,
That follows my victorious Sword to Conqueſt,
But what is born ſuperior to a King?

*Domit.* Your Greatneſs nor your Flame will move her Soul:
But, Sir, the Favours which the God of War
Rains on your Standard this important Day,
Will weigh down all the Cruelties of *Love*:
The poor Remains of *Pompey*'s ruin'd Cauſe
Will ſhortly fall, never to riſe again.

*Ceſar.* The Day is mine, and now I ſheath the Sword;
For *Ceſar* courts the Love of generous Souls,
More than the ſlavish Fear of abject Minds:
And when 'tis in our Pow'r to wreak our Vengeance,
How noble 'tis to ſtop the falling Blow!
The Glory of the *Romans* does not lie
So much in being Conqu'rors of the World,
As reigning in the Hearts of thoſe we vanquiſh.
My Clemency ſhall mount above my Wrongs,
And ſpare th'effuſion of Com-patriot Blood.
Bleſs me, ye mighty Gods, with *Cato*'s Friendſhip,
'Tis all the Boon that I have now to ask!

*Domit.* The Queen approaches.

*Ceſar.* Leave me, my *Domitius*.----

What

What Majeſty appears in all her Motions!
Where is the Hand that cou'd with more deſert
Support the Scepter of the conquer'd World?

## SCENE II.

Cæſar, Arſenia.

*Arſ. aſide.*] Immortal Gods! what Voice is this I hear?
It muſt, it muſt be He, the ſame dear *Roman.*
Hah! Do I wake?
*Ceſar.* Why does the ſight of me
Surprize you thus, as you were ſeiz'd with Horror?
*Arſ.* Sir, I have ſeen you at my Father's Court,
When you were ſent Ambaſſador from *Ceſar*;
But I expected to have found Him here.
*Ceſar.* The Man your Eyes now look upon is He.
*Arſ.* How! Sir, are you——But doubt it not, my Soul;
Thou cou'dſt not burn with an ignoble Flame:
None but a *Ceſar* cou'd have charm'd *Arſenia.*
*Ceſar. Parthia* firſt taught me to adore your Charms,
Purſu'd by thoſe that envy'd me my Fame,
I was oblig'd to conquer or to periſh.
My very Victories were turn'd to Crimes,
And the Reward my Services deſerv'd,
Was Death or Baniſhment! In this Condition
I travell'd every Country of the Globe,
To kindle War againſt ungrateful *Rome.*

But

But finding *Portbia* conſtant to my Foes,
I wou'd not there diſcover who I was.
How taſteleſs and inſipid after this,
Were all the Honours my ſucceſsful Arms
Extorted from my Country! Secret Pain
Prey'd on my Heart, and canker'd my Repoſe;
The tedious Abſence of my lov'd *Arſenia*
Rack'd me with Grief amidſt the Joys of Triumph.
And here, where I believ'd my Woes wou'd end,
They meet with new Addition from your Hate,
And all this Love's rewarded with Averſion.

*Arſ.* You gueſs not right the Cauſe of my Diſorder;
Each Moment I behold you, it increaſes.
Why ſhou'd I ſcruple to reveal my Thoughts!
Your Preſence, *Ceſar*, has diſpel'd that Hatred.

*Ceſar.* Oh pleaſing Accents! Oh celeſtial Sounds!
Am I not hated then! And will *Arſenia*
Make *Ceſar* happy, as he makes the World!
How am I bleſs'd beyond my Expectations!

*Arſ.* What have I done, unguarded as I am!
Or how have I reveal'd my hidden Flame?
But theſe Confuſions will not give us leave
To obſerve the Rules of ſtricteſt Modeſty.
This Fire which now in *Utica* breaks forth
Was lighted on the Banks of the *Euphrates*:
My Heart was yours the Moment I beheld you.
And yet 'tis true, when I was here inform'd
That *Ceſar* lov'd me, I with Anger heard it:
For how cou'd I conceive the mighty *Ceſar*
Was he who was the Lord of all my Wiſhes.

My

My very Hate proceeded from my Paſſion;
And my Soul fought Your Cauſe againſt your ſelf:
My Conſtancy, miſled by a Miſtake,
Made me deteſt the Man whom I ador'd.

*Ceſar.* Oh Happineſs, beyond what Mortals feel!
Eternal Conqueſts wait on *Ceſar*'s Wiſh:
The God of Love and God of Battles ſtrive
Which moſt ſhall ſhow'r their Favours on my Head.
Let *Hymen* tye us in his Golden Fetters;
And when in long, long Years, his Fires decay,
The Flame of Glory ſhall re-kindle his,
And Love and Vict'ry be his joynt Supports.
My Deeds have rais'd me Envy in Mankind;
Let this laſt Bleſſing raiſe it in the Gods.
To *Rome* we'll haſte; and there the greateſt Foe
To Monarchy, ſhall call *Arſenia* Queen.
*Pharſalia*, that deciſive glorious Day,
Has broke their Pride, and cruſh'd their Independance.

*Arſ.* In *Utica* they ſtill maintain that Pride,
Tenacious of the Liberty of *Rome*;
And, conquer'd as they are, I fear them ſtill.

*Ceſar.* Theſe too I'll vanquiſh by repeated Kindneſs.

*Arſ.* That *Cato* cou'd be vanquiſh'd by theſe means!
But nought can ſtir his Heart from its Reſolves.
My Soul's divided equal 'twixt you two:
Your Glory moves it, but I fear his Danger:
Some ſecret Motive forces me to love him,
And *Cato* after you is deareſt to me.
O let theſe civil Diſcords ceaſe for ever,
And bleſs the haraſs'd World with gentle Peace!

But

But *Cato* comes.—Oh *Cæſar*, ſtop this Bloodſhed;
And let th' admiring World adore your Virtue:
Let *Cæſar* to the end of Time be call'd,
In War a Hero, but a God in Peace.

*Cæſar*. Nought that *Arſenia* asks can be deny'd.

## SCENE III.

Cato, Cæſar.

*Cæſar*. In this great Interview, let all the World
With anxious Wonder fix on us their Eyes:
And thou remote Futurity, preſerve
The glorious Day ſtill recent in thy View!
*Cato*, let's end the Miſeries of *Rome*,
And dry our Country's Tears by our Agreement.
Your *Romans* ſhall again enjoy with mine
The Offices of Truſt and Poſts of Honour.
Let them forget their Tranſports of Revenge,
And let us in Conjunction both be Conſuls.

*Cato*. What Right have you to offer me the Conſulate,
Which always was conferr'd by free Election?
Cou'd you believe that this wou'd purchaſe *Cato*?
The Peace that we agree to ſhall be Lawful.
E'er we accept of Slavery, or Kings,
The dreadful *Lybian* Sands ſhall be our Tombs:
While *Rome* is govern'd by a private Man,
We're happy in our Baniſhment from *Rome*.

Reſtore

Reſtore her to her ancient Conſtitution,
And come with me unarm'd before the Senate;
Let them be Judge betwixt us, Which deſerves
A Publick Puniſhment, or Publick Triumph.

*Ceſar.* Where is my Guilt? The Terror of my Arms
Had rais'd the Glory of the *Roman* Name,
And broke the ſtubborn *Germans* boaſted Strength;
Nor cou'd the Ocean ſtem my rapid Courſe,
Or circumſcribe our vaſt-projecting Frontiers.
Yet after all my Victories and Conqueſts,
Seduc'd by *Pompey*, an ungrateful Senate
Dared to refuſe to chuſe me for their Conſul.
They thought to chain my Valour down by Peace.
They us'd me like a Rebel, and in ſpite
Beſtow'd the Conſulate, the Prize I fought for.
On thoſe that had appear'd my warmeſt Rivals!
Goaded with theſe Affronts, I drew my Sword,
And tho' the Univerſe was arm'd againſt me,
I ſcourg'd my Enemies with due Chaſtiſement.
That done, I pardon'd them: Now, *Cato* tell me,
What is the Crime that *Ceſar* has committed?

*Cato.* If all you fought for, *Ceſar*, was Revenge,
Why do you ſtill uſurp the Sovereign Pow'r,
When *Pompey*'s Death has gratify'd your Wiſhes?
Does not this juſtifie the Hate he bore you?
A Tyrant never wants a vain pretence
For acting what his vaſt Ambition dictates:
But commonly his Deeds bely his Words.
We did, 'tis true, refuſe to make you Conſul;
You were too Powerful for ſuch a Poſt:

Beſides, how dar'ſt you thus Command Reward?
You ſay you triumph'd o'er the hardy *Gaul*,
And brought home certain Victory to *Rome*:
'Twas but your Duty------every Citizen
Owes all his Service to the State; the State
Owes nothing back. This frivolous Excuſe
But thinly, thinly hides your impious Aims.
*Capitolinus* thus aſpir'd to Sovereignty;
And He receiv'd the Puniſhment You merit.

*Cæſar*. Sure, *Cato*, you forget that I have conquer'd!
'Tis now the *Romans* muſt implore my Pardon.

*Cato*. The Innocent, tho' loaden with Misfortunes,
Need no Forgiveneſs-----*Cæſar*, do thou view,
With Horror view thy own audacious Guilt,
And ſuppliant beg the People thou haſt injured,
To bury in Oblivion all thy Faults.
*Sylla*, ſurrend'ring up his ill-got Power,
Found Grace from *Rome*, tho' he had long offended;
Do thou the ſame, and all thy paſt Miſdeeds,
For this one honeſt Act, ſhall be forgotten.

*Cæſar*. When *Sylla*, with repeated Triumphs crown'd,
Saw all his Perſecutors Vanquiſh'd, Humbl'd,
With Honour he cou'd quit the Weight of Empire:
Should I Now do ſo, it wou'd blaſt my Fame,
The World would call it, Fear and baſe Submiſſion.

*Cato*. O *Romans!* O my Country, you have felt
But half the barb'rous Fury he intends!
O Gods! and will your Anger never ceaſe?
Have not our Eyes yet long enough beheld

Eagle

Eagle and Eagle clash in dire Confusion,
And *Roman* Blood gush out by *Roman* Swords;
The Son deprive of Life the Man from whom
He drew his own; the Father murther him
Whose Infancy he cherish'd up to Man;
While the pale Mother trembling runs between,
And falls unheeded by their mutual Blows?
O wretched Spectacle! O curs'd Ambition!

*Cæsar.* Remote from *Rome*, why will you drag along
A Life of Woes? Why hazard new Defeats,
And force us, tho' it melts our Hearts with Sorrow,
To bathe our Hands again in *Roman* Gore?
Averse to War, you will not hear of Peace:
Who then is guilty of the sad Effects?
If *Roman* Blood's so precious in your Eyes,
Why do you lavish it in vain Resistance,
And madly strive, tho' all the Gods oppose you?
I come to snatch you from impending Fate;
And all my generous Cares are charg'd as Crimes!
Where-ever I have borne my conquering Standard,
Blood now is spilt no more, nor Tears are shed:
*Rome* every Day beholds new Shows of Pomp;
My bounteous Hand is open to her Wishes,
And all I aim at is to make her happy.

*Cato.* Or rather to debauch her to thy Will.
These thy Profusions purchase thee the Voice
Of Debtors press'd by Rigour of the Laws.
A Tyrant's Virtue is a Tool he works with;
To compass his Designs; a needful Engine.
His Goodness is a Cloak to all that's Wicked,

For which, ev'n Goodneſs ſhou'd, in him, be puniſh'd.

*Ceſar.* How raſh and fwol'n with Pride are theſe Diſcourſes!

Doſt thou not know that *Ceſar*, if provok'd,
Cou'd in a Moment conquer——

*Cato.* Or be conquer'd——

Without that Hope, *Cato* had liv'd too long.

*Ceſar.* Fate will take place.

*Cato.* My Fate is Liberty.

*Ceſar.* You may live happy on the *Tyber*'s Banks.

*Cato.* The *Tyber* ne'er muſt ſee me on its Banks,
Till by my Efforts I have ſet it free.

*Ceſar.* Firſt turn your Thoughts to ſave your Life.

*Cato.* My Life
Wou'd blot my Name with Infamy for ever,
Accepted at a Tyrant's lawleſs Hands.
No, Death or glorious Vengeance ſhall be mine.

*Ceſar.* You injure *Ceſar*.

*Cato.* When I ſerve my Country,
And vindicate her Gods, I injure *Ceſar*.

*Ceſar.* Thoſe Gods with Anger look on your Proceedings:
Their ſacred Voice ſpeaks loud in My Succeſs.

*Cato.* A ſurer Oracle inſpires my Heart:
Forſ I combated the Will of Heaven,
I ſhou'd not then enjoy this Calm of Mind:
But *Ceſar*'s Puniſhment ſhall glad the World
With ſoft Tranquility and conſcious Freedom.
Nor think that, ſhou'd I fall, thy Power's ſecure:
If other *Tarquins* riſe t'inſlave their Country,

New

New *Brutus's* will ſtand in its Defence:
Our Names hereafter ſhall, like theirs, be fam'd:
They baniſh'd *Kings*, and We chaſtiſe a *Traytor*.
*Ceſar*. The odious Charge of Treachery will fall
More properly on virtuous *Cato's* Friends:
No doubt you reckon on *Pharnaces'* Aid:
But be inform'd, he meditates your Ruin:
He ſent two Ruffians to my Camp with Offers
To plunge a Dagger in the Heart of *Cato*:
The Men are faſt in Irons, at your Diſpoſal:
Now tell me if, I merit to be hated.
*Cato*. O *Ceſar!* this I muſt confeſs is noble,
And, but for your Ambition, *Cato's* Friendſhip
Shou'd let you ſee how he admires your Virtues.
But if *Pharnaces* hungers for my Death,
His Cruelty wou'd with my Blood be fated;
*Ceſar* is yet more barb'rous than *Pharnaces*.
*Ceſar*. *Ceſar* more barb'rous than *Pharnaces?*
*Cato*. Yes:
When he wou'd rob me of my Liberty.
Myſterious Gods, how came you thus to mould
In the ſame Maſs, the Tyrant and the Hero?
I ought to hate this *Ceſar*: but (O Horror!)
*Ceſar* has forc'd me to betray my Duty,
And view with ſome Eſteem the Foe to *Rome*.
O *Ceſar*, let theſe dreadful Conteſts end,
And give us Peace, but crown that Peace with Freedom.
Let the exulting *Romans* ſing your Praiſes;
Let them repeat aloud: "*Ceſar's* a Hero;
"*Ceſar* ſubdu'd the World, and then himſelf;

" *Ceſar* has freed us from the fear of *Ceſar*;"
" His Hands had forg'd us ignominious Chains,
" But this our *Liberty*'s his nobler Work.
In vain I tempt you with this glorious Proſpect:
The glaring Pomp of Vice enchants Your Eyes.
You ſay you ſetch your Origin from Heav'n,
And all the Proof you bring is Brutal Force.
Do you affect the God for a pretence
The better to renounce Humanity?
If you're *Jove*'s Off-ſpring, ſhew it in your Actions:
If you are not, deſerve at leaſt to be ſo.
'Tis Virtue gives Divinity to Mortals.
But nought that I can ſay will change your Purpoſe.
I ſhall acquaint the *Romans* with your Offers:
'Tis in their Breaſt to fix on Peace or War;
If they chuſe Slavery, my choice is Death. [*Exit.*
*Ceſar*. Were I not *Ceſar*, Gods! I wou'd be *Cato*,
This ſtern Philoſopher, that owns no Maſter.

*End of the Third Act.*

# ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cato *ſolus.*

CÆSAR I thought was here---but let him go:
He has remov'd an Object I abhor.
His Preſence ſhocks me; and to parly with him,
Is doing violence on my ſelf: Methinks
I would not ſee him, but with Sword in Hand,
To cut a Paſſage to his Heart-----In vain
He gives me notice of *Pharnaces'* Plots,
In vain he poſts himſelf 'twixt Me and Danger:
Nought can diſarm the inexorable *Cato*;
Diſcord has ſhed its Poiſon too much on us:
Not that my Hatred blinds my Eyes ſo far
As to ſee nothing Great or Brave in *Ceſar*:
Nor Dangers nor Defeats can ſhake his Courage.
In noiſy Fields of War *Ceſar* has learn'd
To Conquer firſt, and afterwards Forgive:
Had we the Pow'r to chuſe a King, perhaps
None might ſo well deſerve the Crown as *Ceſar*.
But he ſubverts our Laws, and makes their Ruins
The Baſis of his own Deſpotick Sway.
He wou'd enſlave thoſe glorious Men, thoſe Heroes,
Who ſtill have warr'd to ſet the Nations free,

And

And pull down haughty Monarchs from their Thrones.
'Tis theſe ambitious Aims, this Luſt of Empire,
Degrade his Virtues to the foulſt Crimes.
Gods! with what great, what gallant Indignation
Our *Romans* ſpurn'd at his ignoble Peace,
So fatal to their Laws and Independance!
What Intrepidity! what Thirſt of Vengeance!
The Fire of Heroes rapp'd with hopes of Conqueſt
Flaſh'd in the Eyes of ev'n the meaneſt Soldier.
How, in a *Roman*, does his Country's Love
Refine his Thoughts and elevate his Soul
Above it ſelf!——But, I muſt tell my Daughter
The Secret of her Birth——She comes this way——
Ill-fated *Cato*, thus to ſee his Houſe
Polluted with a Crown!

## SCENE II.

Cato, Arſenia.

*Arſ.* Hither I come
To heal with balmy Peace your fierce Diviſions.
Aboliſhing your Ills I end my own.
I cannot ſee the *Roman* Blood guſh forth,
But I muſt waſh the Wound with Streams of Tears.
Death launches not a Dart againſt your Soldiers
That does not penetrate my inmoſt Soul.
Not *Parthia* is ſo dear to me as *Rome*.
Perhaps in this I wound the Rank of Sovereigns:
A Queen to love the Foes to Monarchy!

But

But when I wou'd obey thoſe Calls of Duty,
A ſhuddring Horror ſeizes on my Heart,
As if I had renounc'd the Laws of Nature.

*Cato.* Cou'd but the *Romans* love each other thus
'Twould mitigate the Rigour of our Miſchiefs!
Your Genius mounts a pitch above a Queen:
Such Sentiments beſpeak a *Roman* Soul:
Without a Crime you may avow them loudly,
For Heav'n has taken care to make them lawful.

*Arſ.* Soon will th'expiring Truce give way to Bloodſhed,
To Day it ends: prolong it, I conjure you,
*Ceſar* burns for me with unfeign'd Affection.——

*Cato.* How!

*Arſ.* I will move his Heart in your behalf.
My large Dominions fully may ſuffice
The moſt ambitious Temper: I'll perſwade
*Ceſar* to fill the *Parthian* Throne with Me,
And quit the Thoughts of reigning over *Rome*.
Thus Peace ſhall be the Product of my Love.

*Cato.* Horror of Horrors! what is this I hear?
In Love with *Ceſar!* O ye cruel Gods!
Reſerv'd ye this Reward to pay my Sufferings?
Add ye this Over-meaſure to my Woes?
Now, Fortune, I may ſet thee at Defiance:
Thou'ſt done thy worſt——Heav'n! was it not enough
To brand her Forehead with the Mark of Kingſhip,
But muſt her Soul too ſhare in the Offence,
By harbouring the Image of a Tyrant?

*Arſ.* Surprizing Tranſport! unexpected Rage!

What

What have I ſaid to give you this Emotion?
But I my ſelf am chill'd with Apprehenſion.
Tell me, O tell me, what can be the Meaning?---

*Cato.* There, read that Letter, 'tis *Arſaces'* Hand.

[Cato *gives* Portia *the Letter that* Artaban *delivered to him in the firſt Act.*

*Portia.* Why ſhould this Writing fill me thus with Terror?
What means this throbbing of my troubled Heart?

She reads. *It would be Cruelty at my Death to deprive you any longer of the Knowledge of a Daughter whoſe Virtues ſo well deſerve your Love.* Arſenia *is yours; and if* Portia's *ſwaying the Sceptre may ſecure the Peace of my Subjects, I beg you would ſtill let it remain in her Hands.*

*Arſenia,* Cato's Daughter! O Amazement!
What Crown is equal to a Rank like this?
My Father! (Oh that Name is dearer to me,
Than all the Grandeur of the Regal State)
Sure 'twas the hidden Force of Nature taught
My Heart to ſeek you out, and bring you Aid:
With Extaſy I liſten'd to her Voice.
For this, Oh view me with a Father's Eye,
Forego your Indignation, calm your Anger;
Let me not be condemn'd for what blind Chance,
Capricious Chance, has done: but Oh forgive me,
And generouſly ſtrive to love your *Portia.*

*Cato.*

*Cato.* I ſee my Sorrows made Impreſſion on thee:
Proximity of Blood has ſecret Ties;
And Nature works alike in Kindred-Souls:
*Portia*, I felt the ſame Concern for Thee.
But, Child, a Throne, believe me, is a Rank
Unwarrantable, Inglorious----and your Love
For *Ceſar* is a Crime----Now bravely ſhow
The wondring World, that *Cato*'s Daughter triumphs
O'er Love, and o'er Ambition.

*Portia.* Alas! what Torments will my Paſſion coſt me!

*Cato.* Thou would'ſt not taint thy Blood with endleſs Shame!
Still doſt thou ſigh! Juſt Gods! Thou didſt not ſtart!

*Portia.* Alas! my Father!

*Cato.* Canſt thou call me Father,
And thus diſhonour me?

*Portia.* Forgive that laſt
That dying Blaze of a departing Flame.
O Heav'n! when firſt it ſeiz'd my fooliſh Heart,
Cou'd I have e'er divin'd the Blood I ſprung from!
Cou'd I, unpitying Gods, in that ſad Moment,
That fatal Moment, think that you had parted
My Father and my Lover, ne'er to meet
But in the thund'ring Shock of Warring Hoſts?

*Cato.* Theſe Sighs and Tears denote too weak a Soul:
Without ſuch Helps thou muſt o'ercome thy Love,
Or never ſee me more: Why wilt thou force
Thy Father to abhor thee?

*Portia.* Ha! Abhor me!

O killing Sounds---Or did I hear them wrong?
For fear you ſhould abhor me, you your ſelf
Exile me from your Sight! The Gods too long
Have kept me from your Arms, and you would make
Their Cruelty eternal! O conſider
I never taſted yet the ſweet Embrace,
Th'indearing Kindneſs of a real Father!
You baniſh me to ſerve the Cauſe of *Rome*:
Why muſt a *Roman* ceaſe to be a Man,
Why loſe the Tenderneſs of Humane Nature?

*Cato.* No more----muſt Humane Nature ſtifle Virtue?

*Portia.* Or Virtue Humane Nature?---O my Father,
Let not Your Family alone have Cauſe
To murmur againſt *Cato*.----But I've done:
You ſhall not long be forc'd to make Diſtinction
Between a Patriot's and a Father's Love:
For *Portia*'s Blood ſhall quench her guilty Paſſion,
And her Arm vindicate her Soul from Shame.
I call the Gods to witneſs, if my Virtue
Cannot deſtroy my Love, it ſhall my Life.
O how I long to prove my ſelf your Daughter!

*Cato.* Thou art indeed my Daughter, *Cato*'s Daughter;
This glorious Reſolution ſpeaks thee mine!

SCENE

## SCENE III.

Cato, Cæſar, Portia.

*Cæſar* to *Cato*.] Say, is my Clemency this Day to
Triumph?
Or muſt I ſignalize my unwilling Vengeance?
What chuſe your *Romans*?
*Cato*. Death, or thy Defeat.
By Battle they'll inquire their Deſtiny.
Think not that, here in *Utica* inclos'd,
We'll leave the reſt of *Africk* to thy Yoke,
Or, fearful, wait thy Coming to inſlave us.
No: When the God that feeds the World with Light,
Next leaves the Ocean's wide-extended Boſom;
Led on by Juſtice, we will pierce thy Camp
And deal Deſtruction round; with Fire and Sword
We'll viſit thee amidſt thy thickeſt Troops.
Thou may'ſt expect us.
*Cæſar*. Think ye then that *Cæſar*
Will not o'er-leap your Ramparts, and prevent ye?
I wou'd have ſav'd *Pharſalia*'s broken Wrecks:
But your Preſumption equals that of *Pompey*,
Tho' he cou'd boaſt a much ſuperior Strength.
Since you provoke the Thunder, it ſhall fall
And cruſh you into Nothing.——O *Arſenia*!
[*Turning to* Arſenia.
If they are bent upon their own Perdition,

*Cato.* I'll to their Aid, and ſhew the angry Fates
Their Cruelty ſhall not exceed my Courage.
*Ceſar* to *Portia.*] Be not alarm'd, O *Portia*, *Ceſar*'s Hand
Has puniſh'd *Ptolomy*, and Shall *Pharnaces.*
In vain had Heav'n inſpir'd the Brave with Courage,
If no Misfortunes offer'd to exert it.
[*Exeunt* Cato *and* Cæſar.

## SCENE V.

Portia *alone.*

O they are loſt, beyond Redemption loſt!
Deaf to my Vows the Gods have ſeal'd their Ruin.
Heav'n has aſſembled all I hold moſt dear
To take them off at once.---Scarce do I know
The Pleaſure of a Father's fond Careſſes,
But I am robb'd of them-- -O adverſe Fortune!
O cruel Gods! more pitileſs in this
Than when you ſnatch'd me from his tender Care!
Have my illuded Eyes been bleſs'd once more
With the dear Sight, to make the Loſs more heavy?
O that I cou'd, to lengthen *Cato*'s Days,
Deduct from mine, and add them to his Life!
But ah! to ward off ignominious Bondage,
All he can do is glorioufly to Die:
And *Portia*, witneſs of the mournful Scene,

Muſt

Muſt by her own applaud her Father's Death.
I'll haſte to know the Iſſue of the Fight:
If virtuous *Cato* falls, this Hand ſhall end
My wretched Life: The Univerſe ſhall ſee
The Brave have ſtill a way to Liberty.

*End of the Fourth Act.*



# ACT V. SCENE I.

Portia, Phenice.

*PHENICE.*

THE Noiſe of Combatants invades theſe Walls,
Which ecchoe back the Groans of dying Men.
Are any Succours come?

*Portia, Phenice,* Yes:
The Gods have put a period to their Cruelty.
Great *Cato* triumphs, and *Pharnaces* flies.
By *Cato*'s Order I juſt learn'd the News:
*Pharnaces* had by ſecret Paths ſurpriz'd
A Portal of the City, and theſe Walls:
A bold intrepid Band of furious *Romans*,
Fir'd with Reſentment of the Treach'ry, flew
Impetuous as a Torrent, tow'rds this Fort:
The Enemy gave way at their Attack,
*Cato* purſues 'em to their very Ships,
But wou'd not brook a Partner in his Glory;
He calls aloud to *Ceſar* to retire:
"Away—— (cries he) nor let us dare to joyn
"Beneath one Banner Innocence and Guilt.
"*Rome* (added he) wou'd bluſh at the Alliance.
"Beſides, a Tyrant's Aid is full of Danger,
"And Shame is in Succeſs when Such procure it.

This

This ſaid, he ſhot amid the thickeſt Fight,
Each animated Soldier treads his Steps,
While *Ceſar*, gazing at their bold Exploits,
Is left alone amidſt expiring Heaps.
I've ſent to tell him, ſomething of Importance
Demands his Preſence here----But hark, a treading----
'Tis *Ceſar*'s ſelf----O *Rome*, now thou ſhalt ſee
How near thy Intereſt ſits to *Portia*'s Heart:
The aſtoniſh'd World ſhall now admire a *Roman*,
Where nothing but a Queen before appear'd.

## SCENE II.

Portia, Ceſar, Phenice.

*Portia*. Now tell me, *Ceſar*, what am I call you;
A noble *Roman*, or a hated Tyrant?

*Ceſar*. Call me your Lover, whoſe ſucceſsful Arms
Un-intermitting Victory attends,
And in whoſe Thoughts not Glory's ſelf can boaſt
Superior Charms to thoſe of *Portia*.

*Portia*. How!
Love me, and threaten me with Servitude!

*Ceſar*. You, Madam!

*Portia*. Yes, and all the World beſides.

*Ceſar*. Is Hate the reigning Paſſion of your Soul?
Does *Portia*'s Flame go out when *Ceſar*'s burns
With greater Fierceneſs?

*Portia*. *Portia* does her Duty.

Wou'd

Wou'd *Cæſar* force her to betray that Duty?

*Cæſar.* To *Cato*'s ſavage Virtue you adhere,
And all my Hopes are fruitleſs: But, O tell me,
Does this your growing Hate meet no Reſiſtance,
No Struglings from your Love? Why did ye bind me
With mutual Vows, and be your ſelf unconſtant?

*Portia.* Impute not, *Cæſar*, to a *Roman* Soul
The low unworthy Paſſions of a Queen.
My Love of thee was a Caprice of Heav'n,
Which curs'd me with a Bondneſs for a Tyrant:
And nought but this Inconſtancy can ſmooth
My Mind once more with Innocence and Peace.
But if thy Flame's ſincere, and if thou feel'ſt
Unfeigned Torments for the Loſs of *Portia*,
Reſtore the ancient Liberty of *Rome*:
Love, (if thou canſt) but Serve, at leaſt, thy Country,
This Day renounce the Pow'r thy Arms uſurp,
And *Portia*'s Hand to Morrow ſhall be thine.
Thus thou may'ſt conquer Me by giving up
Thy Conqueſts: *Rome*, in Gratitude ſhall bind
A never-fading Laurel on our Brows;
The World ſhall ne'er have ſeen a Match ſo glorious,
Since it will reconcile the Gods and *Cato*.
Theſe are the Secrets which I wiſh'd to tell ye,
Now, *Cæſar*, chuſe--how! Silent! Oh my Stars!

*Cæſar.* Let *Cæſar*'s jealous Enemies again
Lift up their Heads, again aſſume their Pride!
Thoſe plenteous Crops of Laurel I had reap'd,
Inſur'd me Conqu'ror of the braveſt *Romans*;
The Gods too, with a Voice diſtinct enough,

Pro-

Proclaim'd me Maſter of the Univerſe;
Yet I forego my Rights, and place my Glory
In reigning over *Portia*'s Heart alone.
But ſhou'd the *Romans*, won by *Ceſar*'s Virtues,
Give themſelves freely to him: ſhou'd they think
'Twould fix their Happineſs to chuſe a Maſter,
And honour *Ceſar* with that Choice; ſay, Madam,
Cou'd I with Glory then refuſe the Scepter,
And wou'd not *Portia* reign conjoyntly with me?

*Portia.* That ſpecious Goodneſs, and thoſe vain
Careſſes
Which cheat a free-born Nation into Fetters,
That ſupple Complaiſance, are Crimes enormous,
And only wear the coz'ning Mask of Virtue.
Know, *Ceſar*, *Rome* is Free.

*Ceſar.* How is *Rome* Free,
Unleſs ſhe has pow'r to chuſe her ſelf a Maſter?
When I deſtroy'd Equality of Rank,
'Twas for the State's Felicity I fought.
*Rome* wants a Maſter.

*Portia.* Heav'ns!

*Ceſar.* Her weary'd Shoulders
No longer can ſupport the mighty Weight
Of her own Power.

*Portia.* Did ſhe not acquire
That Power without the fatal Aid of Tyrants?

*Ceſ.* *Rome* then was growing up: Her fruitful Virtue
Serv'd to ſupport her ſelf, and awe her Neighbours;
But when by Force the State enlarg'd its Limits,
Her ſick'ning Virtue dy'd, and Vice aroſe.

The

The Great by Violence and Cunning oft
Gain'd the Dictatorship: From theſe beginnings
Sprung all the various Conteſts which have made
A Thouſand Tyrants to avoid One King.
'Tis for the Good of *Rome* I ſeek to govern.
The care of All ſhall reſt in One; and *Ceſar*,
(The Band and Center of the Publick Weal)
Shall for the common Quiet loſe his own.
How bleſt, if *Portia*'s Hand, to crown my Wiſhes,
Were join'd with mine in *Hymen*'s ſilken Chains:
And if my Succeſſors, ſo nobly born,
Deſerve their Rank by copying after Us!

*Portia*. Oh! 'tis too much. where did I learn this Patience?
I bluſh, my ſelf, at thy audacious Hopes:
How durſt thou entertain a Thought that *Portia*
Would mix the virtuous Blood which fills her Veins,
By wedding him that would enthral her Country?
'Till now with Pain I ſtifled my Affection,
But this Refuſal turns it all to Hate.
If thy deſtructive Arms ſubdue the World,
A glorious Death ſhall free me from thy Bonds.
None ſhall obey thee but thoſe ſervile Wretches,
Whoſe mercenary Swords have made thee Strong,
Thoſe Perſecutors of the Godlike *Cato*,
*Romans* in nothing but the Name——Avaunt:
May all thy Succeſſors, to mount to Empire,
Deſtroy each other by the Sword or Poiſon;
Th'impatient Son diſpatch the lingring Father;
In Peace act all the Cruelties of War;

Make

Make *Rome* a Funeral-Pile, the Earth a Deſart;
Bind the affrighted Living to the Dead;
Shock Heaven and Hell it ſelf with impious Marriage,
And rip their Mothers Womb with ſtrange Deſire
To view the hidden Sources of their Being;
May all their Crimes ſtand ever on Record,
And thou alone be branded as the Cauſe!

## SCENE III.

Cæſar, Portia, Phenice, Domitius.

*Domit.* My Lord, a Rumour being ſpread abroad,
That *Cæſar* was attack'd in *Utica*;
Your Army flew to ſave you----And, not knowing
*Pharnaces* is the only guilty Perſon,
All are in danger from their headſtrong Rage.
With rapid Steps they traverſe o'er the Town,
And Death flies quick before them----*Cato*'s Troops
Were fighting round him, and had left the Walls
To bend their ſtrongeſt Force againſt *Pharnaces*;
And thus your Men without Obſtruction enter'd.
*Pharnaces* had been juſt before o'erthrown,
And to his Ships retreated in Diſorder;
While *Cato* was intent on the purſuit,
Your Army from all ſides pour'd in upon him,
But he, undaunted, bears their fierce Aſſault,
And hoping to defeat Them like *Pharnaces*,
Boldly makes Head againſt 'em with his *Romans*.

*Cæſar.*

*Ceſar.* I will appeaſe my Soldiers groundleſs Anger,
And draw 'em from a Place the Truce makes Sacred.
My Succeſſors ſhall learn from my Example,
Never to urge the Fate of wretched Men,
Or ſee Blood run at Waſte. Let *Portia*'s Hatred
Be meaſured by the Miſchief I now act.

## SCENE IV.

Portia, Phenice.

*Portia.* What have the cruel Fates decreed of *Cato*?
New Dangers every Moment riſe againſt him.
Mercileſs Gods! muſt I for ever dread ye?
But I unjuſtly lay the Blame on Heav'n:
'Twas I my ſelf kept *Ceſar* here diſcourſing,
While he might have reſtrain'd his Soldiers Rage.
My Care to free my Country haſtes its Ruin;
My Care to ſave my Father haſtes his Death.
That *Portia*'s Tenderneſs alone ſhou'd kindle
The Funeral-Pile of *Cato*!----Wretched *Portia*!
And can ſhe after this endure to live?
No, no: If Death now ſevers me from *Cato*,
I'll meet him on the Banks of *Acheron*,
And there defy Fate's ſelf again to part us.
Ye ſacred Ties of Blood, how ſweet your Charms!
The Chains of Love attract us leſs than You:
Without exciting the leaſt guilty Flame,
You in the very Grave unite our Souls!

## SCENE V.

Portia, Phenice, Phocas.

*Phocas.* Oh mournful News!

*Portia.* I read it in your Looks.

*Phocas.* The virtuous *Cato* dies!

*Portia.* Oh cruel Fate!

*Phocas.* Th'Aſſertor of *Rome*'s Freedom breathes his laſt!

*Portia.* The Gods
Envy Mankind the Honour of his Life,
And ſnatch their *Cato* from 'em.

*Phocas.* The treacherous, baſe *Pharnaces*, beaten back,
Was flying to his Ships to hide his Shame,
When *Ceſar*'s Soldiers ruſh'd upon our Rear,
Unmindful of the Truce.----Our harraſs'd *Romans*
In vain put all their Courage to the Proof;
By *Ceſar*'s Troops o'erpower'd, our Ranks gave way.
Then *Cato*, cover'd o'er with Blood and Glory,
Oft turn'd the Scale againſt the partial Gods,
And took Revenge for all our ſlaughtered *Romans*:
But, more and more hemm'd in by Hoſtile Crowds,
He now perceiv'd his Deſtiny drew near,
And he muſt fall by thoſe his Soul abhorr'd,
Or yield himſelf their Captive.---- "*Ceſar*'s Fortune,
"(Cry'd he aloud) prevails; the Day is his;

" But Liberty is ours: He ſhall not boaſt,
" An infamous Uſurper ſhall not boaſt,
" Of *Cato*'s Death, or *Cato*'s Preſervation.
" Not for my ſelf, but for my Country born,
" My Life has been expended in her Cauſe,
" What now remains of Life may ſure be mine.
He ſpoke, and thro' his Breaſt he drove his Sword.
*Portia.* Oh Day of Sorrow!
*Phocas.* *Ceſar* then appear'd,
Deplor'd his Fate, and to revenge his Death,
Impatient, flew againſt the curs'd *Pharnaces*,
Whoſe haſty Flight had almoſt reach'd his Ships.
*Ceſar* enrag'd, o'ertakes him, and at once
Sent his black Soul to the Infernal Shades.
None 'ſcap'd the Conqueror's Sword, and *Ceſar* now
Withdraws from *Utica* with his whole Army.
But ſee! the Soldiers bear your dying Father,
A Ray of Light ſtill glimm'ring in his Eyes.

## *Laſt* SCENE.

Cato *upheld by his Soldiers*, Portia, Phocas.

*Portia.* My Father!------
*Cato.* Let not me afflict your Soul:
*Rome*, *Rome* alone ſhou'd now ingroſs your Tears,
*Rome* on the frighrful Brink of Diſſolution:
Our Country now becomes a Prey to Tyrants:

Be

Be this your Grief.---My Fate deſerves your Envy;
For Liberty goes with me to the Tomb:
The Death of *Cato* is his own free Choice:
Beſet with Ills, and loaded with Misfortunes,
A *Roman* I have liv'd, a *Roman* die.
Let *Portia* ne'er forget ſhe's *Cato*'s Daughter.

*Portia.* *Portia* can ne'er ſurvive the Loſs of *Cato*!

*Cato.* Live, I command you.

*Portia.* Oh my Father! why,
Why do you bid me live in ſhameful Bondage?
Life was your Gift, Oh bleſs me now with Death!

*Cato.* Still you are free---abandon *Utica*---
Try yet to ſave the Liberties of *Rome*.
Live to aſſert your Country's Laws, and ſeek
Thoſe Climates which abhor the Name of Tyrant--
Let *Spain* be your Retreat---But Oh! be ſure
To quench the ill-plac'd Paſſion of your Heart.
Devote your Love to ſerve the Commonwealth,
And when you marry, let the Man you chuſe,
Be him that frees the World from *Cæſar*'s Chains.
Let *Cato* ſtill in *Portia*'s Deeds ſurvive,
Still dreaded as the Scourge of impious Tyrants.---
Come nearer *Portia*---In this dear Embrace,
This laſt Embrace that *Cato* e'er ſhall give thee,
Receive, my Child, all, all thy Father's Virtue.---

*Portia.* Oh, he is gone!---my Father, *Cato*'s gone!
Nor can the wretched *Portia* die with Grief,
But ſhe muſt diſobey his laſt Command.

*Phocas.* The Victor will not ſure diſturb our Rites,
Or hinder us from honouring his Remains?
Let's conſecrate his Urn and rear a Tomb,
Which may to diſtant Times record his Virtues.

*And may his Name in every Clime excite*
*New Patriots in their Country's Cauſe to fight:*
*Heroes, who dare againſt Oppreſſion riſe,*
*And Life, debarr'd of Liberty, deſpiſe.*

FINIS.

# PROLOGUE

## Spoken by Mr. C. BULLOCK.

THE *Britiſh Theatre, already Great*
*In* Roman *Praiſe, has ſeen one* Cato's *Fate;*
*Well we remember with what Joy you clung*
*To his free Heart, and bleſt his Patriot Tongue;*
*In what a Light you* Cæſar's *Conqueſt view'd,*
*And all the World (but* Cato's *Soul) ſubdu'd:*
*Well did you pay the Bard his juſt Applauſe,*
*And in the* Roman *lov'd the* Engliſh *Cauſe.*

*We dare not Emulate that Author's Praiſe,*
*Nor hope to Vie with his Immortal Lays:*
*Our Poet works upon a diff'rent Scheme,*
*Yet Liberty, and* Cato *is the Theme;*
*The ſame great ſuff'ring Mind again appears,*
*To move your Hearts, and to command your Tears.*

*The* Gallick *Bard, in Thoughts of Freedom, bold,*
*Draws* Cato *like a* Briton, *uncontroul'd.*

*And*

# PROLOGUE.

*And ſtill the Force of Fancy to expreſs,*
*And ſhow him more, he heightens his Diſtreſs,*
*Doubles his Woes with new oppreſſive Weighs,*
*And makes his Vertues equal to his Fate.*
*What Conflicts preſs the Hero, when he knows*
*His Daughter number'd with his Country's Foes!*
*How ſtarts his Blood at* Cæſar's *hated Name!*
*How does he Die to think of* Portia's *Flame!*
*Alliances, and Friendſhips, all are vain,*
*For* Cato *dares not Live ——— if* Cæſar *Reign.*

*In* Portia *view her Father's Soul refin'd,*
*As true to Liberty, to* Rome *as kind;*
*Her Crown, her Lover, ſhe reſigns with Eaſe,*
*Whom Honour bids her Hate, ſhe ſcorns to Pleaſe.*
*Strong was her Paſſion, yet ſhe muſt not own*
*A King in* Rome, *tho' Part'ner of his Throne;*
*The Chief had all that could engage her Will,*
*But he was* Cæſar, ——— *Tyrant* Cæſar *ſtill.*

*Such Spirits, none but this bleſt Iſle can boaſt,*
*Oh! may they never as in* Rome *be loſt.*

EPI-

# EPILOGUE.

## Spoken by Mrs. CROSS.

*AMong ſo many Wits, and Beaus, and Braves,*
*What arrant Fools are thoſe that would be Slaves.*
*Freedom's the deareſt Bleſſing of our Lives,*
*If you love Slav'ry, learn to love your Wives:*
*Begin to practice with the Yoke at Home,*
*And do not ſend for Lords to* France *or* Rome,
*Hug your own Chains, you'll find enough to do,*
*And need not riſque your Necks to ſeek out New.*

*Time was, when* Britiſh *Dames with Sword and Shield.*
*For Freedom fought, and won the glorious Field;*
*Tho' Shield and Sword are out of uſe, we ſtill*
*Have got our Weapons, and know how to Kill.*
*All Bonds, and thoſe that wear 'em we deſpiſe,*
*And keep for Slaves, the Terror's of our Eyes,*
*While on the Friends to Liberty we Smile,*
*Inflame their Courage and Reward their Toil.*

*Baſe*

# EPILOGUE.

*Baſe Minds in all their Actions are the ſame,*
*In Love they triſle, as they ſink in Fame,*
*But the great Soul which gallant Breaſts inſpires*
*For Love and Glory kindles equal Fires;*
*And fierce alike's their Zeal and their Deſires.*

*Such Heroes, Ladies, may your Lovers be:*
*They'll well deſerve your Favours, while they're free.*
*But if they loſe their Liberty, you'll find*
*They'll grow as weak —— in Body as in Mind.*

*What* Portia *was, you in her Picture ſee,*
*And ſuch ſhould ev'ry* Britiſh *Lady be,*
*'Twill add new Beauties to their Native Charms,*
*And bleſs with Nobler Joys their Lovers Arms.*

FINIS.

A

# PARALLEL

Between the Two

## Tragedies of *CATO.*

One written in *Engliſh* by Mr. ADDISON, and the other in *French* by *Monſ.* DES CHAMPS.

---

*In a Letter to an* Engliſh *Nobleman, now reſiding at* PARIS.

---

I Have often heard your Lordſhip very much complain of Monſieur *Dacier*, for deciding, *That a good Tragedy is not to be expected from the* Engliſh, *who*, he ſays, *are altogether uncapable of following the Rules preſcribed*

*led by* Ariſtotle. Since Monſ. *Dacier*'s Decrees are not definitive, but may be appealed from, and frequently are; I have, in regard to your Lordſhip's Complaints, examin'd that ſame Deciſion of Monſ. *Dacier*'s, and I find it as groundleſs as it is injurious to the *Engliſh* Nation. The generality of *Engliſhmen* are ſufficiently skill'd in the *French* Language, to be able to read Monſ. *Dacier*'s Remarks upon *Ariſtotle*'s Poeticks. Such of them as do not underſtand *French*, or are diſcouraged from making uſe of thoſe learned Remarks, from what befel poor *de Trie*, may have Recourſe to the *Latin* Commentary of *Gulſton*, one of their own Countrymen, which will ſerve them inſtead of that written by the *French* Grammarian.

Your Lordſhip perhaps does not know what it coſt *de Trie*, cramming his Pate with Monſ. *Dacier*'s Notions. The Moment his Poeticks came out, *de Trie* burnt all his other Books: he is inſtantly filled with Contempt for *Corneille*; *Racine* too he deſpiſes, but not quite ſo much: but the whole Kingdom becomes his Averſion, for having admir'd thoſe two Dramatiſts. The Diſciple of Monſ. *Dacier* ſaid of the *French* juſt the ſame as his Maſter had ſaid of the *Engliſh*: According to him we had not a tolerable Tragedy among us, and ſo, in pure Compaſſion to his Country, he was reſolv'd to beſtow on it a perfect one. He pitch'd upon

upon the *Heraclides* for his Subject: every thing was ſquar'd our preciſely by the Rule and Compaſs of Monſ. *Dacier*'s Remarks. The Play was acted but once: The Publick had been ſo ſpoil'd by that Fellow *Corneille*, that they had neither Literature enough to reliſh the new Tragedy, nor Patience to ſit it out. *De Trie* rails at his Guide, but ſays not the leaſt word againſt *Ariſtotle*: *Corneille* had read *Ariſtotle* carefully, but had not read Monſ. *Dacier* at all, and him *de Trie* had read too much. The Poets of your Nation, my Lord, will never incur ſuch a Diſgrace; they reſent the Affront done their Countrymen by the *French* Grammarian, and they have reaſon ſo to do. Does it become a Man that has no Taſte for the Theatre, and is an utter Stranger to the *Engliſh* Stage, to affirm, That *an* Engliſhman *can't write a good Tragedy?* If he had div'd into the *Engliſh* Genius, he wou'd have been convinc'd, that it is entirely Tragick; and that perhaps there's no Nation in the World ſo capable of giving to Theatrical Compoſitions the Terror of the *Greek* Tragedies: Beſides the *Engliſh* Language has a Nervouſneſs, a Copiouſneſs, and a Licentiouſneſs proper for the Stage. The *Engliſh*, I muſt confeſs, ought a little to reſtrain their fiery Imagination beneath the Yoke of Rules: they ſhould not give ſuch a looſe to Metaphors: they ſhould beware of falling into cer-

tain Meanneſſes which the *Greek* Poets did not ſufficiently avoid: they ſhould bid adieu to their Romantick Ideas. If (as in Time they will) they would cure themſelves of theſe Faults, the *Engliſh* Stage wou'd equal the *French*. As yet, I muſt take leave to ſay, it has not equall'd ours; which Aſſertion I ſhall endeavour to prove, by running a Parallel between Mr. *Addiſon*'s and Monſ. *Des Champs*'s two Plays upon the Subject of *Cato*. The *French Cato* has been very well received among us; and as for the *Engliſh Cato*, I'm informed, no Play had ever ſuch Succeſs in *England*. I cannot therefore take a better way to ſettle the Superiority of the *French* Theatre over the *Engliſh*, than by ſhowing that Mr. *Addiſon* muſt yield to Monſ. *Des Champs*; I am ſo perſwaded of the Goodneſs of the Cauſe I defend, and of your Equitableneſs, my Lord, that I will have no other Judge but your ſelf.

*Cato* is a Name of principal Renown: that Great Man gave ſuch ſhining Examples of Love and Liberty, and affectionate Fondneſs towards his Country, that People long'd impatiently to ſee him brought upon the Stage by ſome able Dramatiſt. The Abbot *Abbeille* made choice of *Cato* for the Subject of a Tragedy: all who have read it, beſtow great Praiſes on it, but the Author can by no means be prevailed upon to make it publick.

Mr.

Mr. *Addiſon* and Mouſ. *Des Champs*, did at one and the ſame time, form the Deſign of writing upon this noble Subject, and were preſently ſenſible of the dryneſs of it.

*Cato*, ſhut up in the Walls of *Utica*, lays violent Hands on himſelf to avoid falling into *Cæſar's* Power. This is preciſely all that is ſupply'd from Hiſtory: and therefore to fill up the Compaſs of a Tragedy, there muſt be Fiction and Epiſodes. Accordingly our two Poets have made uſe of Fiction; but with this difference, advantageous to the *Frenchman*, that the Epiſodes are of a piece with the Subject, wind up the Clue of it, and afterwards unwind it. The Epiſodes of the *Engliſh* Poet are utterly independant of the main Action, they darken it, and frequently extinguiſh it; they ſerve for nothing but to furniſh Scenes, to fill up the Vacuities of the Play.

A brief Analyſis of both Performances will demonſtrably evince this Vice of the *Engliſh* Poem, this Perfection of the *French* One.

In the *Engliſh* Poem, *Cato* is inclos'd in *Utica* with a handful of *Romans*, and a few *Numidian* Horſe, who had follow'd young *Juba*. *Cæſar* ſends to propoſe a Peace; 'tis refuſed: he advances with his Troops: *Cato*, unable to make reſiſtance, kills himſelf. This is the whole Oeconomy of the Action. Now let's ſee the Epiſodes:

*Portius* and *Marcus*, *Cato*'s Sons, are in love with *Lucia*, Daughter to a *Roman* Senator; *Portius* being Confidant to his Brother, who is ignorant that he's his Rival, comports himſelf as became a generous Man, without over-coming his Love, and without betraying his Brother. *Marcus* is killed, *Portius* marries *Lucia*.

Another Epiſode, equally foreign to the Subject and to the firſt Epiſode, take as follows: *Juba* loves *Marcia*, *Cato*'s Daughter, who is alſo lov'd by *Sempronius*, a *Roman*. This *Sempronius* is a Villain, and wou'd give up *Cato* to the Enemy. *Syphax*, a *Numidian*, joyns in the Plot with him: they raiſe a Mutiny among the *Romans*; *Cato* quells it. *Syphax* propoſes to *Sempronius* to carry off *Marcia* by force, and to put on *Juba*'s Royal Habit, for the more eaſy executing this Crime. *Juba* comes in the Nick, kills *Sempronius*, *Syphax* makes his Eſcape.

The *Engliſh* Poem, 'tis plain, has no longer what we call Unity: it is three Tragedies one in another; and the Author himſelf aware that the Principal Action gives him the Slip and runs Riot, is forc'd from time to time to call it back by putting Reflections into the Lovers Heads, that they had other Matters to mind than that of Love, and how wrong a thing it was to paſs their Time in Amuſements of Gallantry, when

when they were threaten'd with ſuch imminent Dangers.

The *French* Poet has deviſed his Fable in a better manner, and has more skilfully managed the Diſpoſition of it.

*Cato* is in *Utica* in a condition to defend himſelf, but that an unexpected Accident broke all his Meaſures; his Firmneſs, conſider'd in this Light, ceaſes to be the Reſolution of a deſperate Man, as in the *Engliſh* Poem: he may, nay he ought, to refuſe a Peace. In the Port of *Utica*, *Cato* has the Ships of the King of *Pontus*; and hard by the Port, that King's Troops are incamp'd together with thoſe of *Cato*. It is not in *Utica* that Action paſſes, but in a Palace of the Kings of *Numidia*, remote enough from the Walls for *Cæſar* to come thither in Safety upon *Cato*'s Parole. The introducing *Cæſar* and *Cato* together upon the Stage, was a bold Attempt, but not an unſucceſsful one; as Monſ. *Des Champs* has ordered it. *Cæſar* appears there as Grand as he is painted in Hiſtory; unable to obey, worthy to command even the *Romans* thoſe Maſters of the World; ſubtle enough, fortunate enough to ſubdue them by force, yet ſo politick as to do it (if it cou'd be done) without fighting; an intrepid Enemy, a generous Conqueror, virtuous as far as his Ambition allow'd of it, ſuſceptible of Love, but fond of Glory.

*Cato's*

*Cato*'s Grandeur drowns that of *Cæſar*, and ſo it ought: Virtue ſhou'd out-ſhine Vice: Misfortune, ſupported with Courage, caſts an additional Luſtre on Virtue. *Pharnaces*, *Mithridates*'s Son, ſo well known for his Crimes, was very proper to ſerve for a Foil to *Cæſar* and *Cato*. The choice of theſe three Characters ſo well *contraſted*, ſhews a Maſter's Art. The Concatenation of the Fable is a further Proof of the Poet's Ability. *Pharnaces*, driven out of his Dominions by *Cæſar*, comes to joyn the Remains of *Pompey*'s Party. *Arſenia*, the ſuppoſed Queen of *Parthia*, devoted to the ſame Party by the Engagements of her Father, comes thither alſo to break her projected Marriage with *Pharnaces*, and being likewiſe, as it were, over-rul'd by a ſecret Inſtinct which led her to *Cato*: an Interview between theſe Two opens the Play. The pretended Queen of the *Parthians* is ſoon diſcovered to be *Portia*, *Cato*'s Daughter.

Put caſe this were all pure Fiction and the Author had been ſo hardy as to deſpiſe the Rules of exact Probability, yet it produces ſuch advantageous Effects, that no Body can condemn it. But Monſ. *Des Champs*'s Imagination never tranſgreſſes the due Bounds, but is always regulated by a ſolid Judgment. He ſuppoſes nothing but what is warranted by good Hiſtorians. He feigns that *Craſſus*'s Wife had taken her Neice *Portia* with

with her when ſhe was yet a Child; that upon *Craſſus*'s Overthrow, *Portia* became a Slave, and as Such was preſented to the King of the *Parthians*: the Similitude there was between her and the young Princeſs, his only ſurviving Child, inſpires him with a ſort of Fatherly Love for *Portia*. The Princeſs dies; and the King (whom it greatly concern'd not to ſeem to want Heirs) makes *Portia* paſs for his Daughter. *Cæſar*, whom it no leſs concern'd to ſecure the King of *Parthia* to his ſide, comes to that Monarch's Court, without making himſelf known, to divert him from taking part with *Pompey*: His Negociations prove ineffectual, but he there ſees the Princeſs, falls in Love with her, not knowing her to be *Portia*; and ſhe falls in Love with him, not knowing him to be *Cæſar*. For Reaſons of State, *Portia* is deſtin'd to be the Bride of *Pharnaces*; her Heart can't conſent to this Match: *Pharnaces*'s Crimes, eſpecially the aſſaſſinating of *Pacorus*, Prince of the *Parthians*, her Brother, which ſhe finds him to be the Director of, ſerves her for a Pretext to break with him: to do this the more effectually, 'twas neceſſary to have the concurrence of the Heads of *Pompey*'s Party; ſhe comes to ſolicite it, and in *Cato* finds her true Father, as in *Cæſar* her former Lover. The breaking off the Marriage, makes *Pharnaces* reſolve to get *Cato* murder'd: he cauſes

it

it to be mov'd to *Cæſar* : that illuſtrious *Roman* abhors the Treachery of the Son of *Mithridates*, and adviſes *Cato* of it. *Pharnaces* grown deſperate, takes a reſolution to deſtroy both *Cato* and *Cæſar*, make himſelf Maſter of the Place of Conference, as likewiſe to ſeize *Portia*, and ſurprize *Utica*. The Danger *Cæſar* is in makes his Troops fly to his relief: *Pharnaces* is driv'n off, but the *Romans*, who had follow'd *Cato*, deſert and joyn *Cæſar*'s Troops; ſo that *Cato* has no other courſe to take, but either to ſubmit to the Uſurper, or make away with himſelf. In theſe Circumſtances *Cato* could not heſitate upon the Choice, but without any more ado kills himſelf.

It muſt be obſerv'd, the Connexion of the Events is ſo well manag'd, that every Incident tends to and concentrates in the main Action. As the Queen of *Parthia*'s Arrival gives birth to *Pharnaces*'s Machinations, which neceſſitate *Cato* to kill himſelf; ſo again 'tis the ſame Queen of *Parthia* that draws *Cæſar* to the place of Conference, and brings him into Danger. This Danger calls *Cæſar*'s Troops into *Utica*, and deprives *Cato* of all reſource: there's not a ſingle Occurrence but contributes to the unravelling the whole: every Step the Actors take tend thither, if I may uſe that Expreſſion.

Monſ.

Monſ. *Des Champs* therefore excels Mr. *Addiſon* in Juſtneſs of Epiſodes: he likewiſe has the Advantage of him in the glorious Effects they produce. *Cato*'s contemning one of the firſt Thrones in the World, the abhorrence he ſhows at ſeeing a crown'd Head among his Affinity, are very proper Topicks for illuſtrating that great Soul. The Loves of *Cæſar* and *Portia*, *Cato*'s Daughter and *Rome*'s Tyrant, affect Us in another-gueſs manner than the inſipid Courtſhip of *Portius* and *Lucia*, *Sempronius* and *Marcia*. *Cato*'s owing his Life to *Cæſar*, *Cæſar* fighting for *Cato*, are, if poſſible, ſtill more moving Circumſtances than the Love between *Cæſar* and *Portia*.

You will grant, my Lord, the Conſtitution of the Fable in the *French* Tragedy is regular, marvellous, probable, intereſting, grand: is it the ſame in the *Engliſh* Play?

Let us now examine how the two Poets have ſupported the Characters of *Cato* and the other Actors: As for Circumſtances and Sentiments we will afterwards compare Them together.

Both Mr. *Addiſon* and Monſ. *Des Champs* have drawn the Hero to the Life. In the *Engliſh* piece, *Juba*'s admiration of *Cato*, the Cenſures which *Sempronius* and *Syphax* paſs concerning the rigidneſs of his Virtue, give a great Idea of the Man; which he makes good by his Unconcernedneſs amidſt

midſt the Revolt of his Soldiers, by his manner of ſpeaking of his Son who died for his Country, laſtly by his own Death. But the oppoſition of *Cæſar*, ſo neceſſary to ſet off *Cato*, is wanting in the *Engliſh* Tragedy; beſides, he does not appear often enough: Whereas in the *French* Play, *Cato* is never out of Sight or Mind. All he ſpeaks, is ſtamp'd with his Character, and all that is ſpoken of him heightens the Notion that is conceiv'd of him from the very firſt Scene. The *Parthian* Throne deſpis'd, Peace in vain offer'd by *Cæſar*, *Cato* forſaken by his own and beſet by *Cæſar's* Soldiers, are ſo many Occaſions for exerting his whole Virtue, and accordingly he does exert it.

We ſhall conclude this Parallel of the two Tragedies, with comparing together the Circumſtances and Sentiments. The Beauties of the *Engliſh* Poem ſhall be diſplay'd in their full Light: The firſt fine Paſſage occurs in the beginning of the 5*th* Scene of the 3*d* Act: all before that conſiſts of Love-Scenes, impertinent to the Subject; Moral Diſcourſes between *Cato's* two Sons, and *Juba* and *Syphax*; and laſtly, a flat Debate among the Senators. It muſt be confeſs'd, that it is not without an Impreſſion we ſee the Stage full of Leaders, who had been corrupted by *Sempronius* into a Revolt, on a ſudden become motionleſs, caſt down, and diſarmed by the undaunted Preſence and the wiſe Diſcourſe of *Cato*. Cato.

Cato. *Where are theſe bold intrepid Sons of War,*
*That greatly turn their Backs upon the Foe,*
*And to their General ſend a brave Defiance?*
Semp. *Curſe on their Daſtard Souls, they ſtand a-*
*ſtoniſh'd!* [Aſide.
Cato. *Perfidious Men! and will you thus diſhonour*
*Your paſt Exploits, and ſully all your Wars?*
*Do you confeſs 'twas not a Zeal for* Rome,
*Nor Love of Liberty, nor Thirſt of Honour,*
*Drew you thus far; but Hopes to ſhare the Spoil*
*Of conquer'd Towns, and plunder'd Provinces?*
*Fired with ſuch Motives, you do well to join*
*With* Cato's *Foes, and follow* Cæſar's *Banners.*
*Why did I 'ſcape th' invenom'd Aſpic's Rage,*
*And all the fiery Monſters of the Deſart,*
*To ſee this Day? Why cou'd not* Cato *fall*
*Without your Guilt? Behold, ungrateful Men,*
*Behold my Boſom naked to your Swords,*
*And let the Man that's injur'd ſtrike the Blow.*
*Which of you all ſuſpects that he is wrong'd,*
*Or thinks he ſuffers greater Ills than* Cato?
*Am I diſtinguiſh'd from you but by Toils,*
*Superior Toils, and heavier Weight of Cares!*
*Painful Pre-eminence!*
Semp. *By Heav'ns they droop!*
*Confuſion to the Villains! All is loſt.* [Aſide.
Cato. *Have you forgotten* Lybia's *burning Waſte,*

*Its barren Rocks, parch'd Earth, and Hills of Sand,*
*Its tainted Air, and all its Broods of Poiſon?*
*Who was the firſt to explore th'untrodden Path,*
*When Life was hazarded in ev'ry Step?*
*Or, fainting in the long laborious March,*
*When on the Banks of an unlook'd-for Stream*
*You ſunk the River with repeated Draughts,*
*Who was the laſt in all your Hoſt that thirſted?*

Semp. *If ſome penurious Source by chance appear'd,*
*Scanty of Waters, when you ſcoop'd it dry,*
*And offer'd the full Helmet up to* Cato,
*Did he not daſh th' unctuous Moiſture from him?*
*Did not he lead you through the Mid-day Sun,*
*And Clouds of Duſt? Did not his Temples glow*
*In the ſame ſultry Winds, and ſcorching Heats?*

This had been an excellent Scene, were it not for *Sempronius*'s breaking in with his Buffoonery, and thereby ſpoiling the ſerious and grand Part of it. Nor is this the only Place that the Poet debaſes himſelf: the Converſation between *Juba* and *Syphax*, and the Maſquerade of *Sempronius* looks ſomewhat Farciſh: not but this latter gives birth to a very moving Incident. *Marcia* ſeeing *Sempronius* in Purple Robes lying dead, takes him for *Juba*, who juſt then enters, and, liſtning to her Moans, diſcovers that ſhe's in love with him, but not till after he had felt ſome Pangs in a belief that

that *Sempronius* was the Cauſe of *Marcia*'s Sorrow. This Action is artfully conducted, the Sentiments are lively, and the Language cloſe, briſk and piercing.

The 12*th* Scene of the 4*th* Act preſents another fine View. They are bringing to *Cato* the Body of his Son *Marcus*, who had been juſt before ſlain in his Country's Cauſe: *Cato* laments him, but laments like *Cato*.

Cato *meeting the Corps.*

Cato. *Welcome my Son! Here lay him down, my Friends,*
*Full in my Sight, that I may view at leiſure*
*The bloody Corſe, and count theſe glorious Wounds.*
*——How beautiful is Death, when earn'd by Virtue!*
*Who wou'd not be that Youth? what Pity is it*
*That we can die but Once to ſerve our Country!*
*——Why fits this Sadneſs on your Brows, my Friends?*
*I ſhould have bluſh'd if* Cato's *Houſe had ſtood*
*Secure, and flouriſh'd in a Civil War.*
——Portius, *behold thy Brother, and remember*
*Thy Life is not thy own, when* Rome *demands it.*

Jub. *Was ever Man like this!* [Aſide.

Cato. *Alas, my Friends!*
*Why mourn you thus? Let not a private Loſs*
*Afflict your Hearts. 'Tis* Rome *requires our Tears.*
*The Miſtreſs of the World, the Seat of Empire,*

*The Nurſe of Heroes, the Delight of Gods,*
*That humbled the proud Tyrants of the Earth,*
*And ſet the Nations free,* Rome *is no more.*
*O Liberty! O Virtue! O my Country!*

Juba. *Behold that upright Man!* Rome *fills his Eyes*
*With Tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead Son.*
[Aſide.

Cato. *What e'er the* Roman *Virtue has ſubdu'd,*
*The Sun's whole Courſe, the Day and Year, are* Cæſar's,
*For him the ſelf-devoted* Decii *dy'd,*
*The* Fabii *fell, and the great* Scipio's *conquer'd:*
*Ev'n* Pompey *fought for* Cæſar. *O my Friends!*
*How is the Toil of Fate, the Work of Ages,*
*The* Roman *Empire fall'n! O curſt Ambition!*
*Fall'n into* Cæſar's *Hands! Our great Fore-fathers*
*Had left him nought to Conquer but his Country.*

The *Engliſh* Author has diſpos'd his 5*th* Act in a Maſterly manner: it is wholly taken up with *Cato*'s Death, which is ſuſpended with much Art. The beginning of this Act is noble and magnificent.

Caro

Cato ſolus, *ſitting in a thoughtful Poſture: In his Hand* Plato's *Book on the* Immortality of the Soul. *A drawn Sword on the Table by him.*

*It muſt be ſo*——Plato, *thou reaſon'ſt well!*——
*Elſe whence this pleaſing Hope, this fond Deſire,*
*This longing after Immortality?*
*Or whence this ſecret Dread, and inward Horror,*
*Of falling into Nought? Why ſhrinks the Soul*
*Back on her ſelf, and ſtartles at Deſtruction?*
*'Tis the Divinity that ſtirs within us;*
*'Tis Heav'n it ſelf, that points out an Hereafter,*
*And intimates Eternity to Man.*
*Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful Thought!*
*Through what Variety of untry'd Being,*
*Through what new Scenes and Changes muſt we paſs!*
*The wide, th' unbounded Proſpect, lies before me;*
*But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkneſs, reſt upon it.*
*Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,*
*(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud*
*Through all her Works) He muſt delight in Virtue;*
*And that which he delights in, muſt be happy.*
*But when! or where!*——*This World was made for* Cæſar.
*I'm weary of Conjectures*——*This muſt end 'em.*

[Laying his Hand on his Sword.

*Thus am I doubly arm'd: my Death and Life,*

*Our drooping Spirits: They have done their Parts,*
*And we muſt now do ours.*

Cato. *Enormous Project!*
*Is Vice leſs criminal, becauſe 'tis uſed*
*In the defence of Virtue? Think no more*
*Of this Deſign: How durſt we but profeſs*
*(Aſſiſted by Deceit and Uſurpation)*
*To puniſh one leſs guilty than our ſelves?*
Phocas, *we muſt beware of tempting Heaven:*
*This* Utica *involv'd in Flames ſhall prove*
*My Funeral Pile, before I ſtray from Juſtice.*
*The Gods, when they with impious War were vext,*
*Without ſuch guilty Shifts cou'd quell the* Titans:
*We are like them beſet with Dangers round;*
*Why ſhou'd we deviate more than they from Virtue?*

Phocas. *And does not* Portia *juſtly fill the Throne?*
*Is't not the Work of Heav'n, which cannot err?*
*If it ſeems wrong to us, muſt our weak Thoughts*
*Pretend to weigh the Juſtice of the Gods?*
*Our Duty is to obey what they determine;*
*Nor ought we to refuſe their offer'd Aid.*
*Let us at leaſt by Sacrifice enquire*
*Their poſitive Decrees.*

Cato. *By Sacrifice!*
*What! ſhall I tear the Entrails of an Ox*
*In hopes to find engrav'd on them the Laws*
*Of that great Deity which ſwells my Breaſt?*
*Has he not deep implanted in my Soul*

The

*The Love of Juſtice and unſpotted Honour?*
*I feel him in my Heart, and hear him ſpeak:*
*He bids me ſtill purſue the Paths of Virtue;*
*And tells me that I'm born a [illegible]*
*To vindicate her Rights, and fight her Cauſe,*
*Againſt the Lordly Tyrants of the Earth.*
*This Crown is offer'd me, to try how far*
*My Reaſon can withſtand the ſtrong Temptation;*
*The ſhining Bait of Sovereign Command.*
*No,* Phocas, *let us gloriouſly refuſe*
*Unjuſt Aſſiſtance, tho' againſt a Tyrant:*
*To Virtue let us owe our Preſervation,*
*And truſting in her Aid, defy the Foe:*
*Let us give no occaſion for Remorſe;*
*And our own Force ſhall ſerve to puniſh* Ceſar.

The beginning of the 2d Scene of the 2d Act were enough to let us into *Cato*'s Character.

Cato. *Be brief,* Domitius, *and declare your Meſ-*
*ſage.*
Domit. Cæſar *commanded me to let you know*——
Cato. Cæſar *commanded! And do You obey?*
Domit. *Yes,* Cato.
Cato. *Hold, vile abject Slave, no more.*
*How dar'ſt thou thus defame thy great Forefathers,*
*Who own'd like me no Maſter but the Gods.*

In

In a few Lines of the 1*ſt* Scene of the 3*d* Act, you have a true Notion of *Cæſar* in Love.

Cæſar. *My Flame, Domitius is ſincere and real*
*Not, on a ſlight Suſpicion, to be quench'd:*
*And when that Paſſion can conſiſt with Glory,*
*The braveſt Man on Earth without reproach*
*May offer up his ardent Vows to Love.*
*But if the haughty Fair beholds my Side*
*With ſcornful Coldneſs, ne'er to be remov'd,*
Cæſar *will ſhow the World that he can tear*
*The Womaniſh Enchantment from his Heart:*
*For Love ne'er chains the Hero to his Car:*
*But bolds him fitly a Priſoner to Virtue.*
*And* Cæſar, *tho' in love, is* Cæſar *ſtill.*

The 3*d* Scene of the 3*d* Act, where *Portia* comes to know that her Lover was *Cæſar*, is very moving on both ſides. The Conference between *Cæſar* and *Cato* was a tickliſh Point to handle: few Authors but would have ſplit upon that Rock. If the Conference of *Sertorius* and *Pompey* is a Pattern almoſt impoſſible to be equall'd; much more difficult was it to form a Confabulation between *Cæſar* and *Cato*. And yet as Monſ. *Des Champs* has manag'd it, the Interview between thoſe two Great Men gave ſuch ſatisfaction to the Audience,

dience, that the moſt mercileſs Criticks have not dar'd to open their Mouths againſt it. I need not tranſcribe it: your Lordſhip has read it over and over, and Thouſands of People have it by Heart.

Such as object that Mons. *Des Champs* has not made *Cæſar* Great enough, wou'd do well to reflect a little upon thoſe nine Lines ſpoke by *Cato* in the 1ſt Scene of the 4th Act.

*Had we the Power to chuſe a King, perhaps,*
*None might ſo well deſerve the Crown as* Cæſar.
*But he ſubverts our Laws, and makes their Ruins*
*The Baſis of his own Deſpotick Sway:*
*He wou'd inſlave theſe glorious Men, theſe Heroes,*
*Who ſtill have nobly aſſerted the Nations free,*
*And pull down guilty Monarchs from their Thrones.*
*'Tis theſe ambitious Aims, this Luſt of Empire*
*Degrade his Virtues to the ſenſleſs Crimes.*

How full of Diſtreſs are the next two Scenes! *Portia* finds her ſelf to be *Cato*'s Daughter. *Cato* finds that his Daughter is in love with *Cæſar*. *Cæſar* finds that his Miſtreſs's Father is the greateſt Enemy he has in the World. Obſerve how well their Sentiments conform to their reſpective Characters!

Por.

POR. *This Secret, I confeſs, may well ſurprize you:*
*For I my ſelf have known it but a Moment.*
*Now Cæſar look how wretched is my Fate!*
*Thy Heart was link'd in mutual Chains with mine;*
*One Love inflam'd our Breaſts with equal warmth:*
*But now, alas! I muſt diſclaim my Triumph,*
*And bluſh at what before my Soul took pride in.*
*Muſt* Portia *ſtand recorded as an Inſtance,*
*That Innocence but ill accords with Love!*

CÆſ. *Why ſhou'd our Love be counted for a Crime,*
*Or why be ſacrific'd to Publick Feuds?*
*Believe it ſent from Heav'n to reconcile*
*Our Jars, and root away the Seeds of Hate.*
*Do not then, Madam, ſcorn the Gift of Heav'n,*
*But readily embrace the Means of Peace.*
*Why,* Cato, *wou'd you part us, when the Gods*
*Have viſibly conſpir'd to joyn our Hands?*
*Let beauteous Concord and the Joys of* Hymen,
*Unite us in eternal Bonds of Friendſhip.*

CATO. *Firſt ſhou'd my Sword, in horrible Libation,*
*Pour out to Heav'n my Own and Daughter's Blood,*
*Ere ſuch a Project ſhou'd receive my Sanction.*
*Think not by this decoying Match to blind me.*
*Tho' wedded to thy Daughter, hapleſs* Pompey
*Cou'd not eſcape the Rage of thy Ambition,*
*And ow'd his Ruin to that ſacred Tie.*
*But ſhou'd I give conſent to this Alliance,*

*Thy*

*Thy Heart, inſatiable of Rule, wou'd ne'er*
*Contract its proud Deſires, or curb its Swellings:*
*And I (curs'd Thought) ſhould be the guilty Means*
*To forge our Chains, and lift thee to thy Wiſhes.*

This beautiful Scene concludes with the News of the treacherous *Pharnaces* ſeizing by an armed Force, the Place of Conference. *Cæſar* flies thither to make Head againſt him: what the Author makes him ſpeak to *Portia* upon this Occaſion, gives a true repreſentation of that Hero's Intrepidity and noble Spirit.

Cæſ. *Be not alarm'd, O* Portia, Cæſar's *Hand*
Has *puniſh'd* Ptolomy, *and ſhall* Pharnaces.
*In vain has Heav'n inſpir'd the Brave with Courage,*
*If no Misfortunes offer to exert it.*

The 5*th* Act is unqueſtionably the fineſt of the whole Poem: the Action therein is full, and according to *Horace*'s Preſcription, hurries on to its end. *Cæſar* comes back again after he had beaten off *Pharnaces*. *Portia* receives him with asking a Queſtion:

*Tell me, O* Cæſar, *what am I to call you,*
*A noble* Roman, *or a hated Tyrant?*

This whole Scene may vie with the choiceſt in any of our beſt Tragedies. *Portia* offers to be *Cæſar*'s Bride, on condition he wou'd let his Coun-

try continue Free: *Ceſar* heſitates at ſacrificing his Ambition to his Love. This incenſes *Portia* againſt him: her Tranſports of Anger are not much inferior to *Camilla*'s Rage in *Corneille*'s *Horace*, and are better brought in.

POR. *O 'tis too much! where did I learn this Patience?*
*I bluſh, my ſelf, at thy audacious Hopes:*
*How durſt thou entertain a Thought, that* Portia
*Would taint the virtuous Blood which fills her Veins,*
*By wedding him that would enthral her Country?*
*Till now with Pain I ſtifled my Affection,*
*But this Refuſal turns it all to Hate.*
*If thy deſtructive Arms ſubdue the World,*
*A glorious Death ſhall free me from thy Bonds.*
*None ſhall obey thee but thoſe ſervile Wretches,*
*Whoſe mercenary Swords have made thee Strong,*
*Thoſe Perſecutors of the Godlike* Cato,
Romans *in nothing but the Name——Avaunt:*
*May all thy Succeſſors, to mount to Empire,*
*Deſtroy each other by the Sword or Poiſon;*
*Th'impatient Son, diſpatch the lingring Father;*
*In Peace act all the Cruelties of War;*
*Make* Rome *a Funeral-Pile, the Earth a Deſart;*
*Bind the affrighted Living to the Dead;*
*Shock Heaven and Hell it ſelf with impious Marriage,*
*And rip their Mothers Womb with ſtrange Deſire*
*To view the hidden Sources of their Being;*

*May*

*May all their Crimes ſtand ever on Record,*
*And thou alone be branded as the Cauſe!*

Mean while *Cæſar*'s Troops, thinking their General was betray'd, and imputing to *Cato* the Perfidiouſneſs of *Pharnaces*, in a Rage fall upon thoſe few Soldiers that remained with *Cato*. Juſt as he was going to be made a Priſoner, he kills himſelf: *Cæſar* coming too late to hinder him. Then *Cato*, e'er he expires, is brought upon the Stage: his dying Words are ſuch as become *Cato*: People will, no doubt, compare them with thoſe of *Mithridates*; and perhaps Monſ. *Racine* may not bear away the Bell from Monſ. *Des Champs* in every Body's Opinion.

Por. *My Father!*——

Cato. *Let not me afflict your Soul:*
Rome, Rome *alone, ſhou'd now ingroſs your Tears:*
Rome *on the frightful Brink of Diſſolution:*
*Our Country now becomes a Prey to Tyrants.*
*Be this your Grief.*——*My Fate deſerves your Envy:*
*For Liberty goes with me to the Tomb:*
*The Death of* Cato *is his own free Choice:*
*Beſet with Ills, and loaded with Misfortunes,*
*A* Roman *I have liv'd, a* Roman *die.*
*Let* Portia *ne'er forget ſhe's* Cato's *Daughter.*

Por. Portia *can ne'er ſurvive the loſs of* Cato.

Cato. *Live, I command you.*

Por.

Por. *O my Father, why,*
*Why do you bid me live in ſhameful Bondage?*
*Life was your Gift, O bleſs me now with Death!*

Cato. *Still You are Free——abandon* Utica——
*Try yet to ſave the Liberties of* Rome.
*Live to aſſert your Countries Laws, and ſeek*
*Thoſe Climates which abhor the Name of Tyrant.——*
*Let* Spain *be your Retreat:——But Oh, be ſure*
*To quench the ill-plac'd Paſſion of your Heart.*
*Devote your Love to ſerve the Commonwealth,*
*And when you marry, let the Man you chuſe,*
*Be him that frees the World from Cæſar's Chains.*
*Let* Cato *ſtill in* Portia's *Deeds ſurvive,*
*Still dreaded as the Scourge of impious Tyrants.*
*Come nearer,* Portia: *In this dear Embrace,*
*This laſt Embrace that* Cato *e'er ſhall give thee,*
*Receive, my Child, all, all thy Father's Virtue.*

I have ſumm'd up the Charge, my Lord, and now nothing remains but for your Lordſhip to paſs Judgment: I have already declar'd, and am ſtill in the ſame Mind, I freely conſent to be try'd, even by an *Engliſhman*. To conclude, I have no other intention than to excite between Mr. *Addiſon* and Monſ. *Des Champes*, an Emulation in the latter to tread in the Steps of *Corneille*, and in the former to give a *Corneille* to *England*.

*The* END.







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